

SMASH

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QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

DECEMBER
No.74

COMICS 10¢

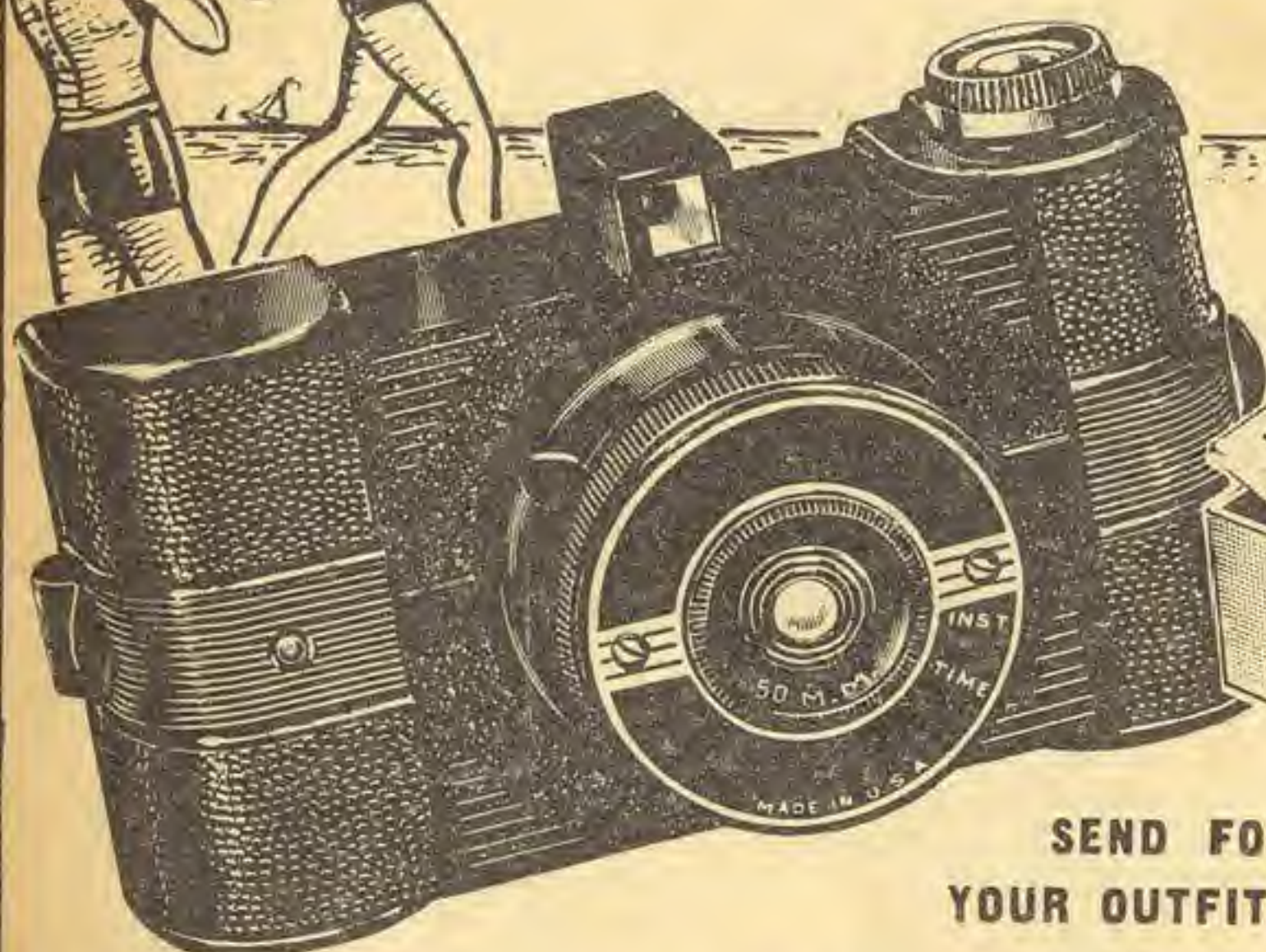
MIDNIGHT
CLEANS UP
CRIME!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Scoop! Complete Picture-Taking Picture-Making Outfit for only \$4.98

Candid-Type Camera! Complete Developing Outfit! Complete Printing Outfit!
All for one low price of only \$4.98!



SEND FOR
YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

At Last! You Can Take, Make and Develop Your Own Pictures!

This is the first time a complete picture-taking, picture-making outfit has ever been offered at the sensationally low price of only \$4.98. You might ordinarily expect to pay much more than that for a good developing kit. Yet here you not only get a big, 14-piece Developing Kit so that you can actually make and develop your own pictures, but also a famous make candid-type Camera which takes regular size pictures. Positively not a toy. Both the Camera and the Developing Kit are "the real thing"—guaranteed to work on the same principle as those used by experienced photographers.

Easy To Make Your Own Pictures! Think of it!—You can go out and snap pictures of your favorite scenes, of important events and land-marks, or of members of your family. Then, within a few minutes after you snap the pictures, you can develop them yourself. Virtually without waiting you can make and develop those same pictures right in your own home. Watch them come to life... clear and sharp... before your very eyes, almost like magic. Sensational! Exciting! Thrilling fun such as you've never known before.

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THE CAMERA has all the latest features, including snapshot and time exposure and level view finder. Uses easy-to-get 127 film and takes 16 pictures on an 8-exposure roll. **THE DEVELOPING KIT** consists of

14 individual pieces as shown. There are 2 plastic trays, 1 metal print frame, 1 stirring rod, 1 package of two dozen sheets of contact paper, 3 Universal M-Q developer packs, 1 box acid-fixing solution, 1 plastic funnel, 1 GE darkroom light, 2 plastic clips and 1 easy-to-follow Handbook of developing and printing.

10 Day Examination Offer

Is this a value? You bet it is! By far the greatest value in the country today. Never before has it been possible to get everything necessary to take, make and develop pictures all for this one low price of only \$4.98. These outfits are sure to be grabbed up fast. Photo and camera enthusiasts everywhere will be anxious to own a complete Kit such as this for fun and, for spare time profit. You'll be wise to order your complete outfit right now while this low price offer is still in effect so that you won't be disappointed. It's first come, first served. If you want to get started at once to take, make and develop your own pictures, mail the coupon below today. You **SEND NO MONEY!** We'll let you examine and use the kit as your own for 10 days on our money-back guarantee offer.

You get this Big 14 Piece Developing Kit!



SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON FOR YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 25-31 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send me the Complete Picture-Taking, Picture-Making Outfit as described. On arrival I will pay postman only \$4.98 plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges for everything. It is understood that if I am not positively delighted with the outfit in every way, I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

☐ I enclose \$4.98 in advance with this order to save shipping charges. Please send the Complete Outfit to me all postage charges prepaid on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

MIDNIGHT

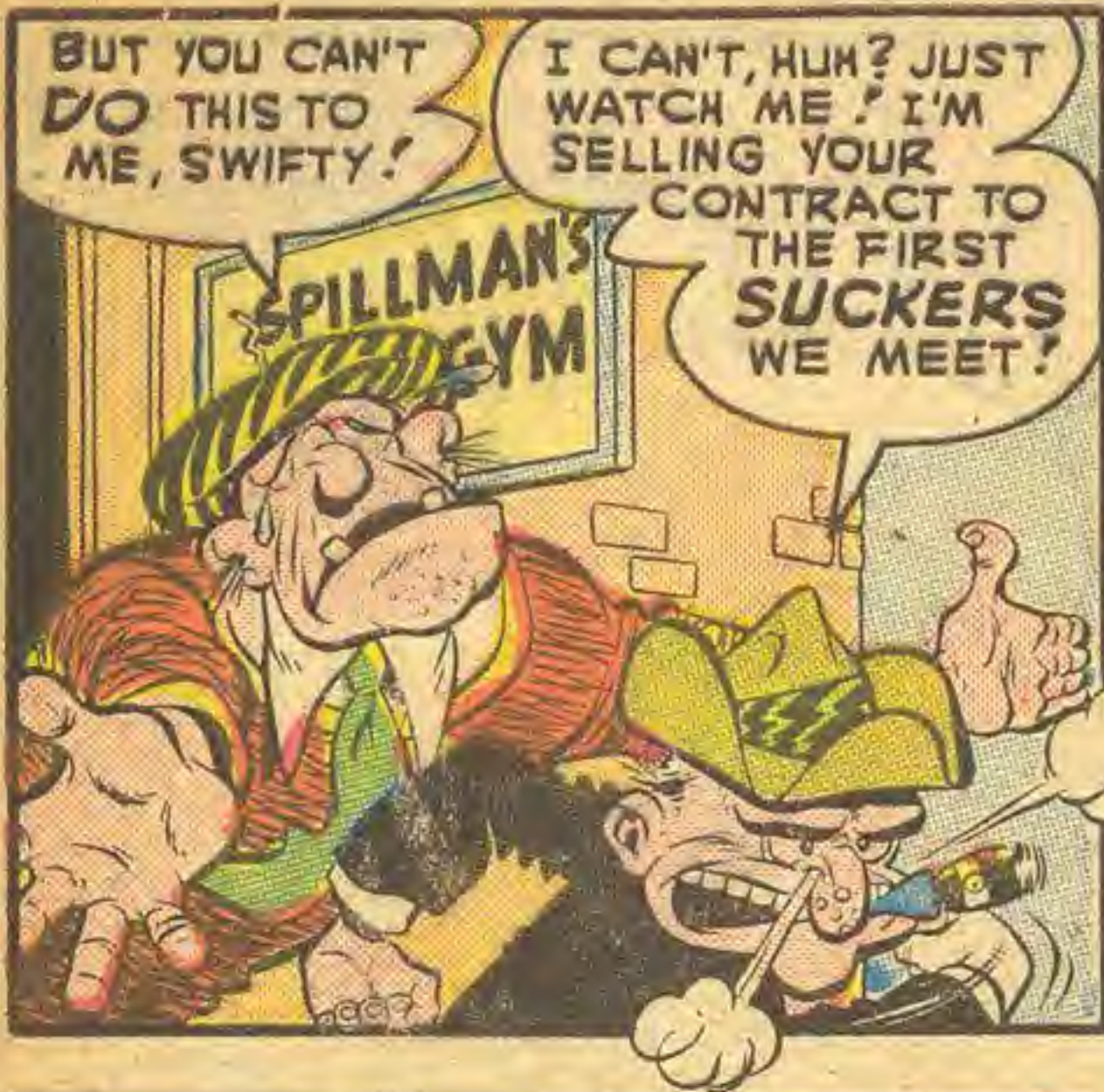
WA-A-A!

**HE HIT
ME!**

**I DID NOT!
AND BESIDES,
HE HIT ME
FIRST!**

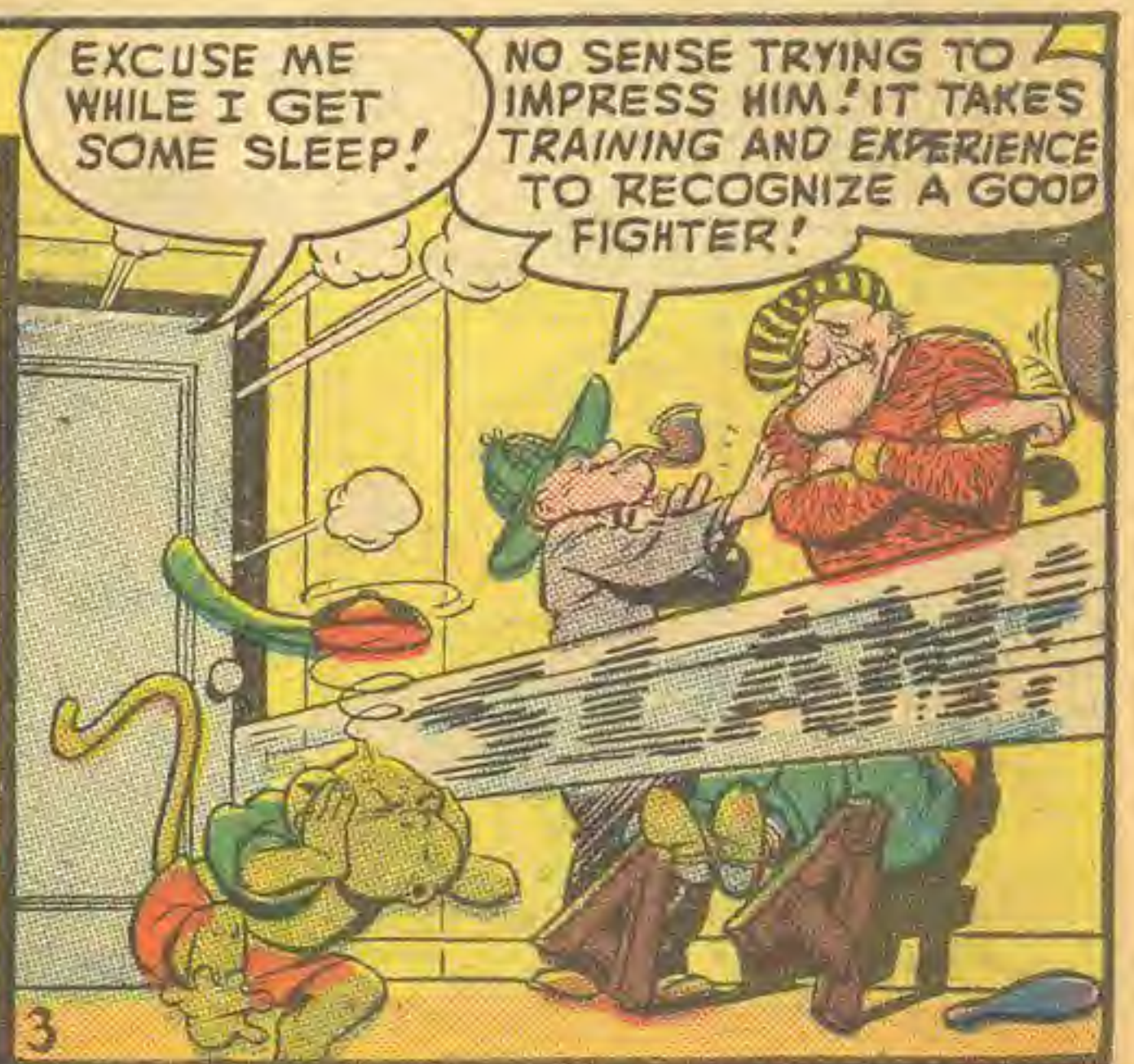
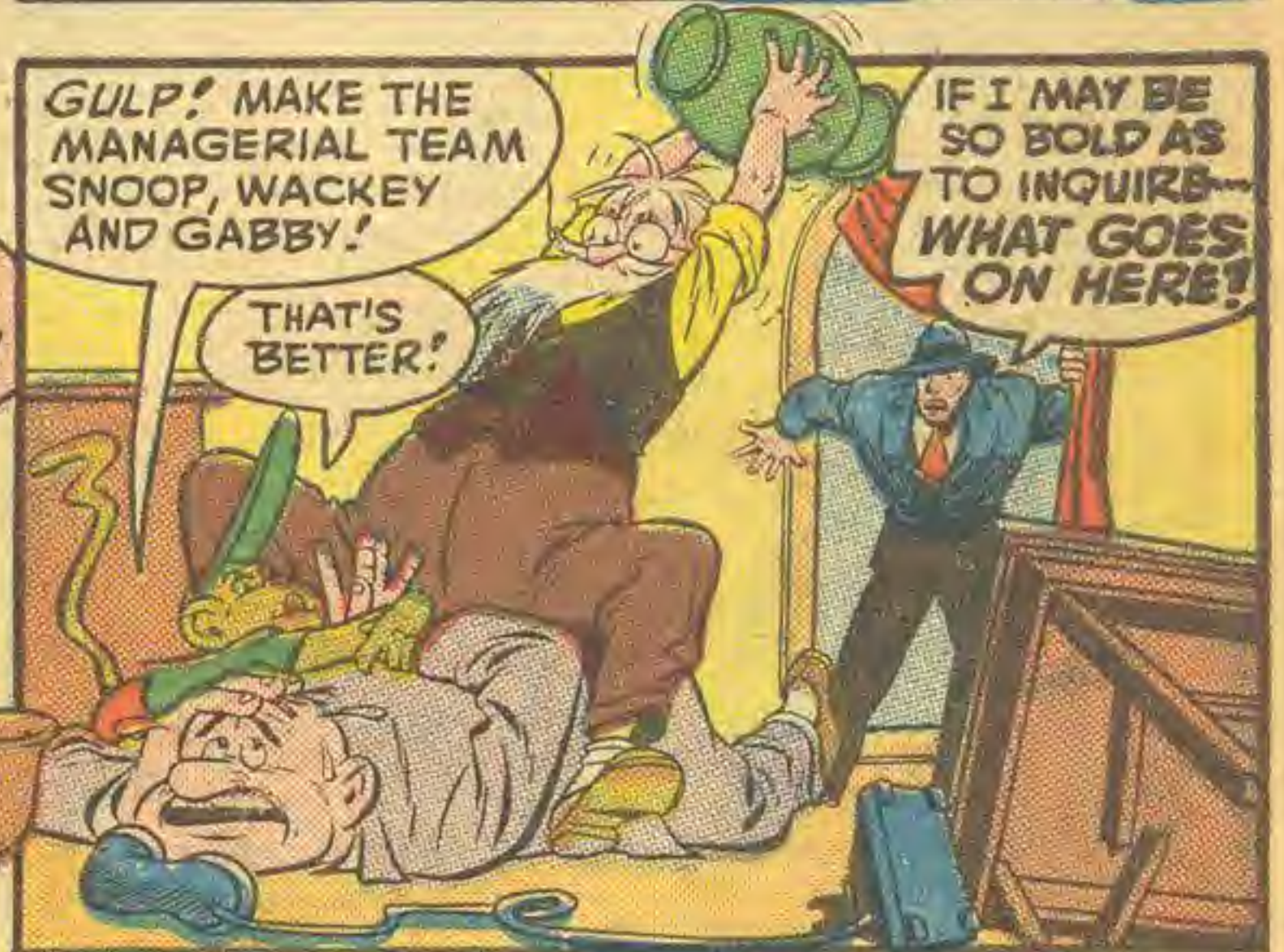
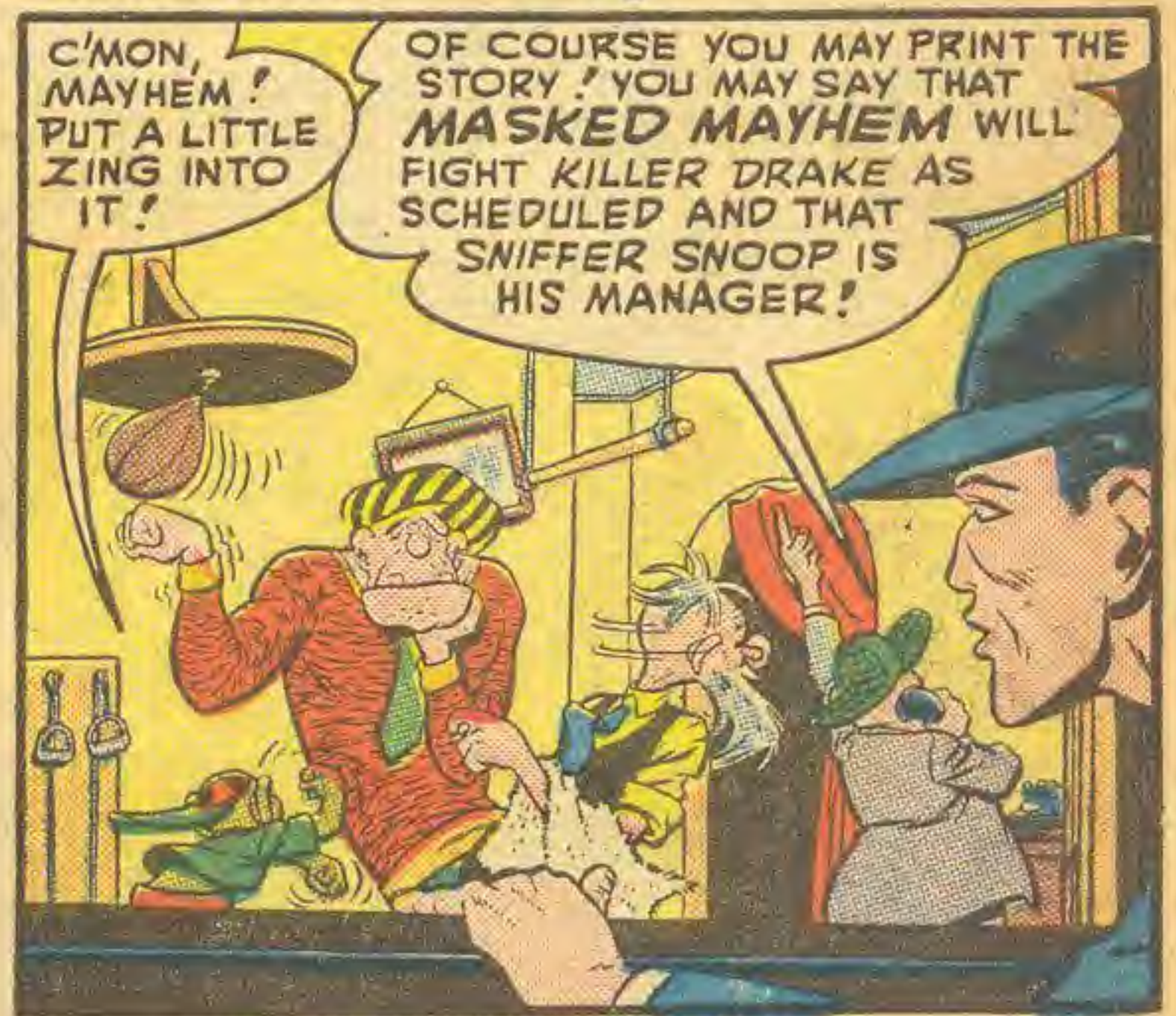
**THEY'RE
BOTH LIARS!
NEITHER OF
THOSE
PALOOKAS
COULD HIT
THE SIDE OF
A BARN!**

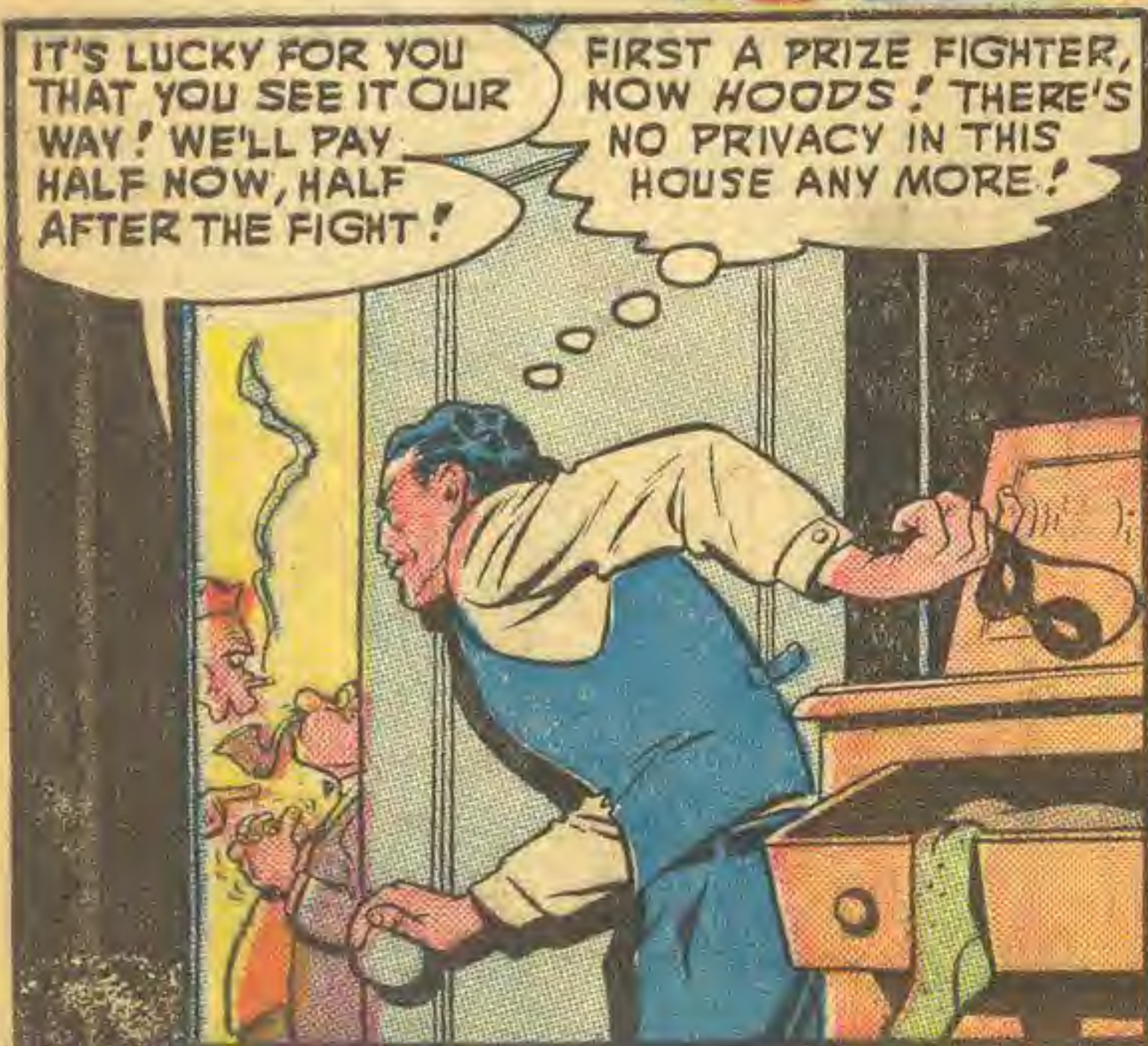


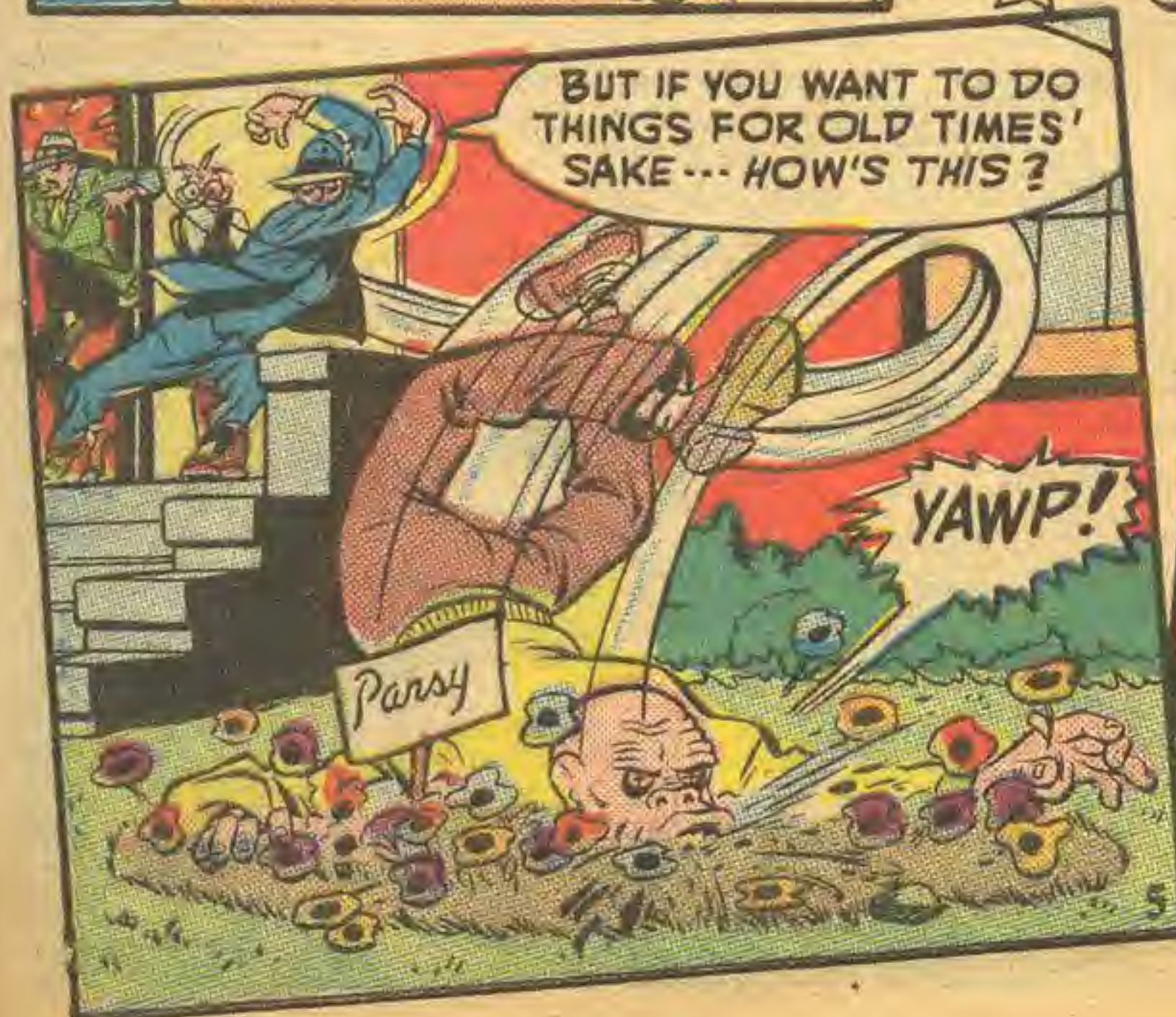


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As Dave Clark, radio announcer, comes home from a hard day at the studio....

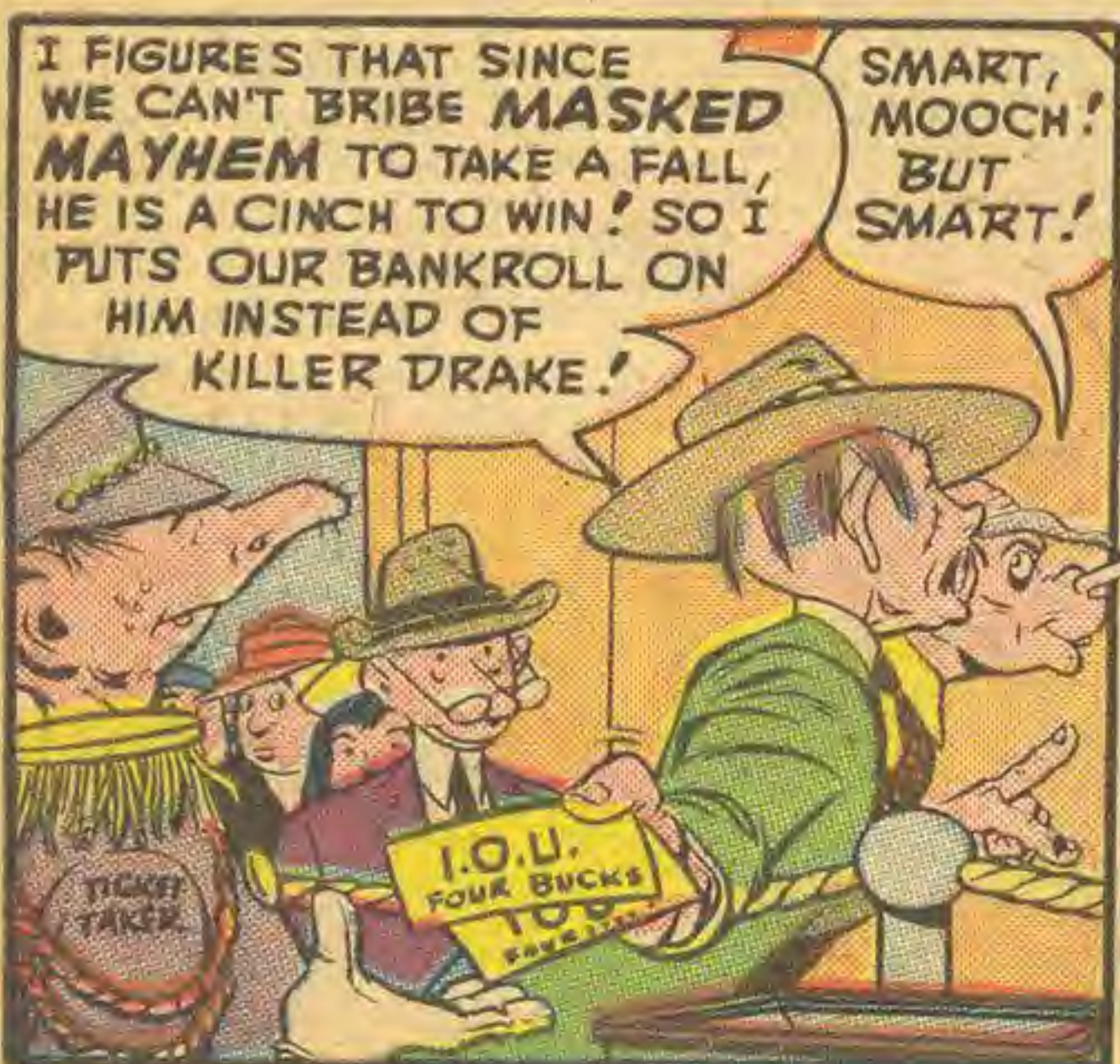


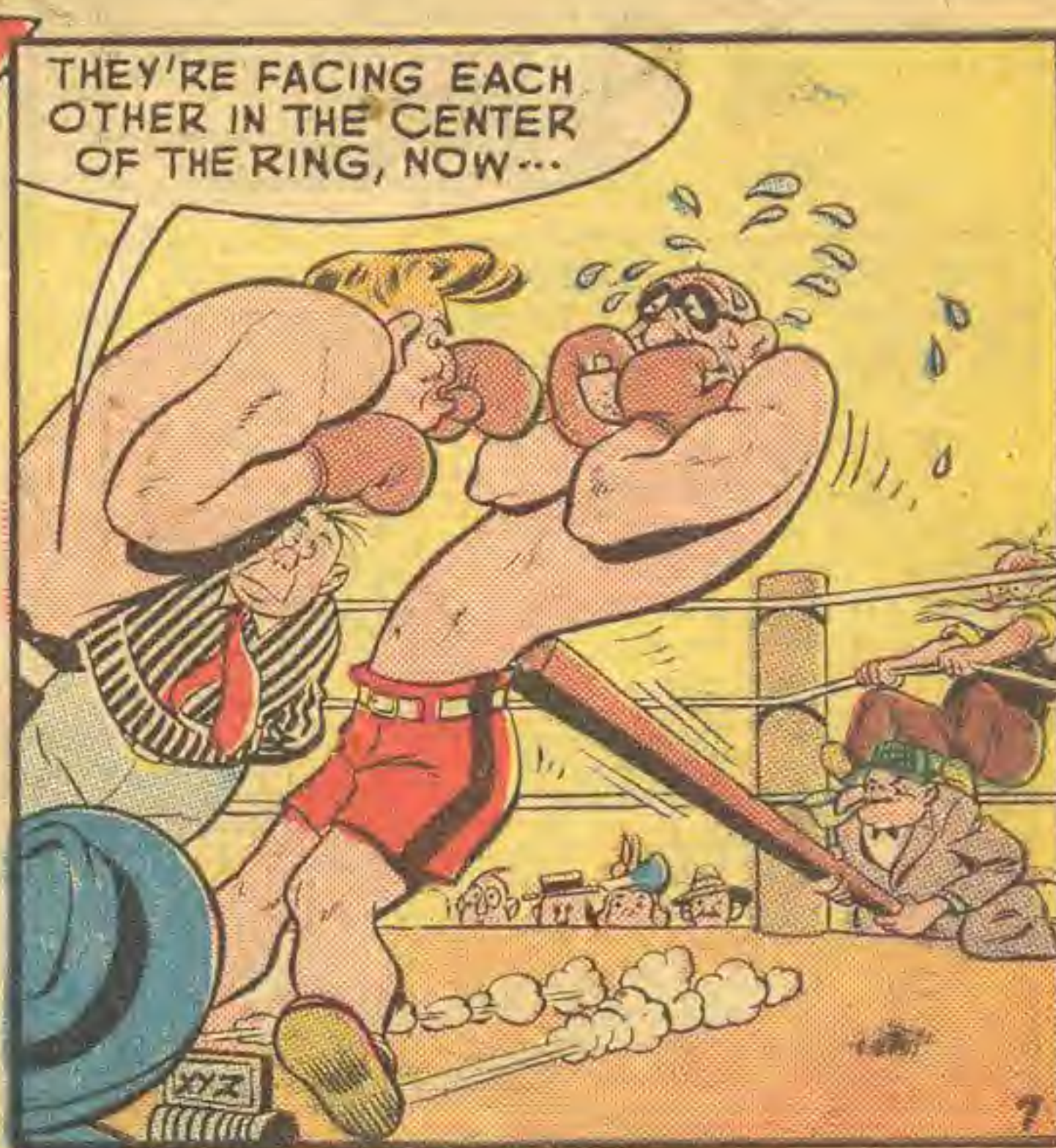
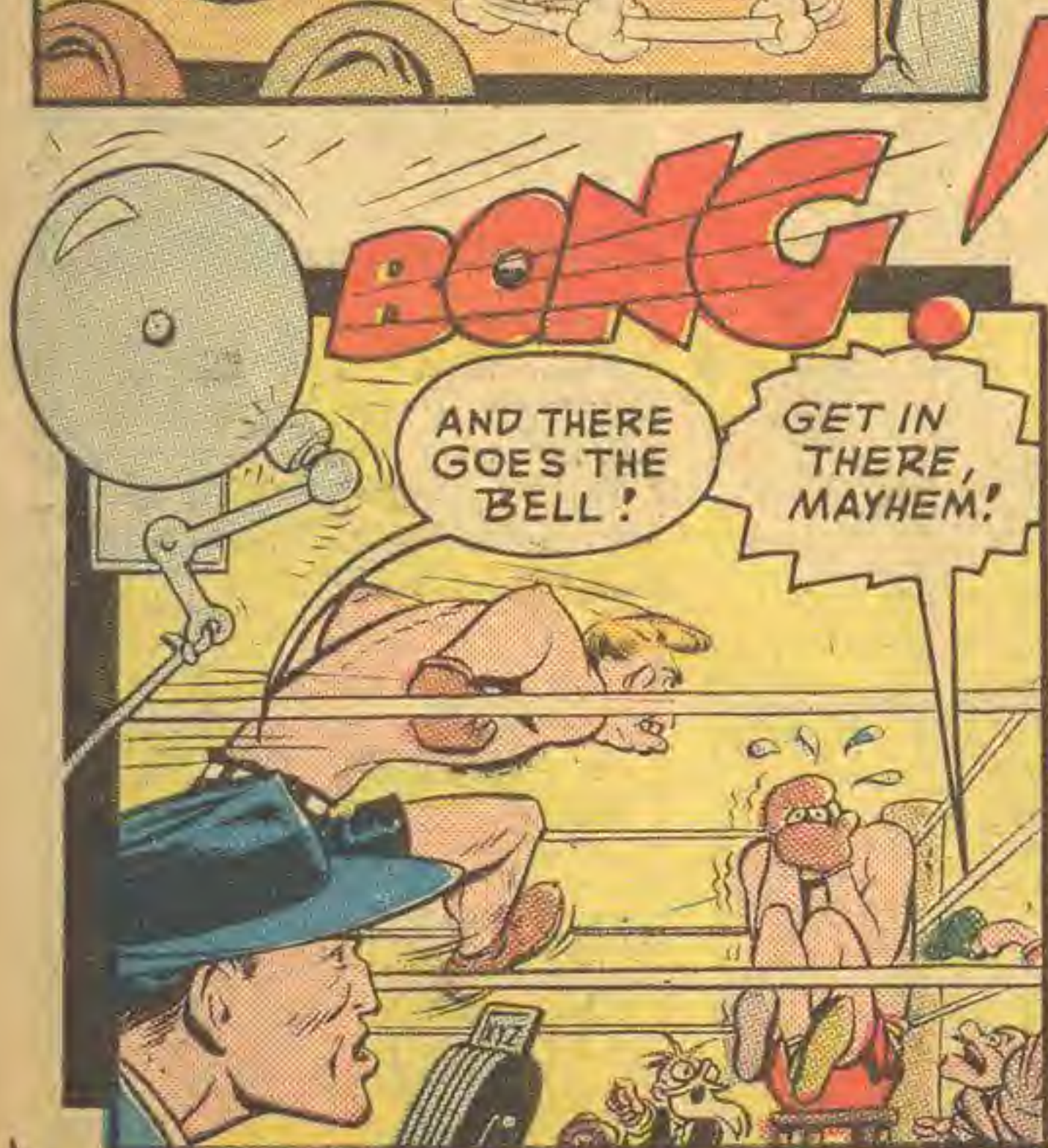


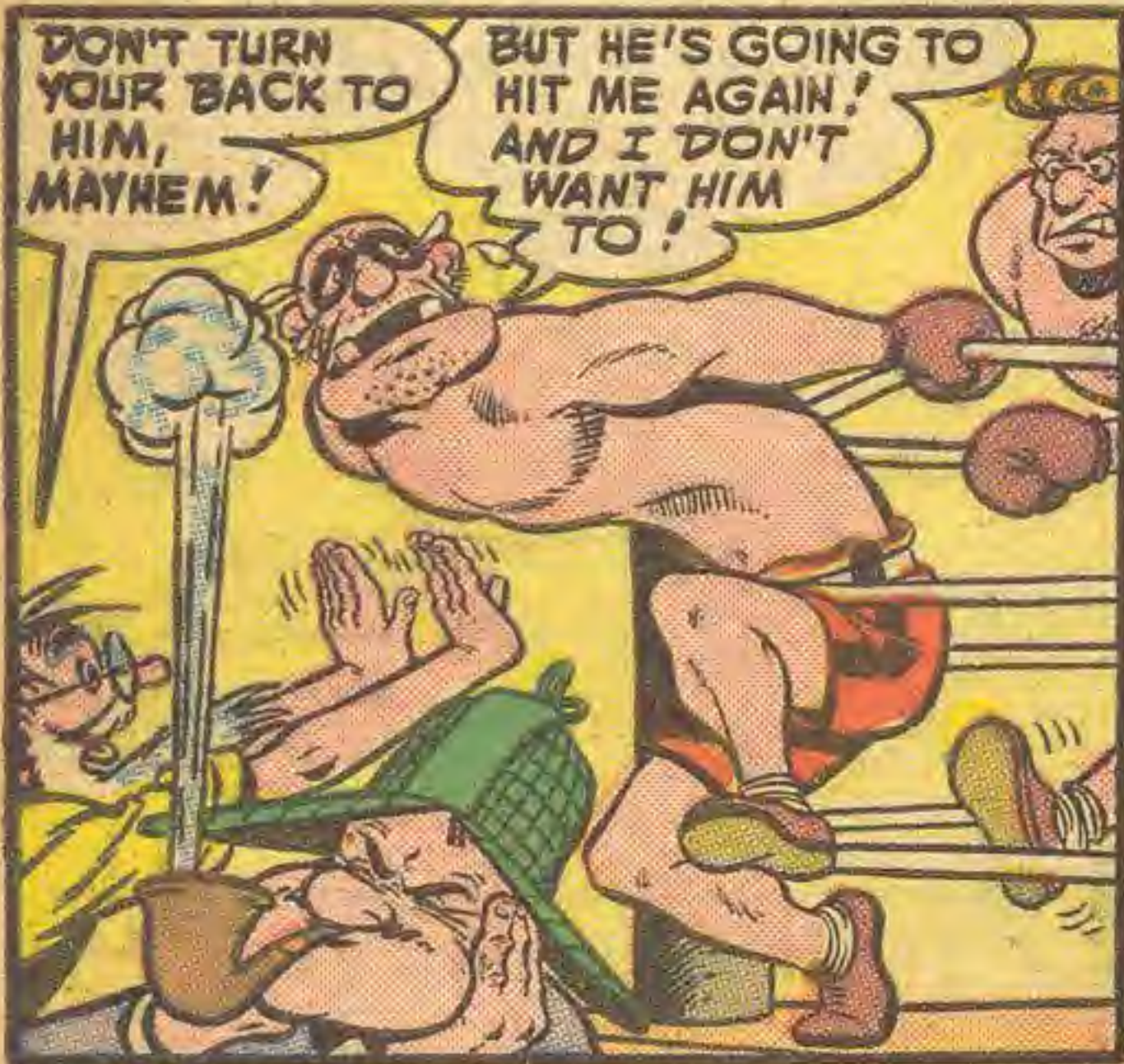
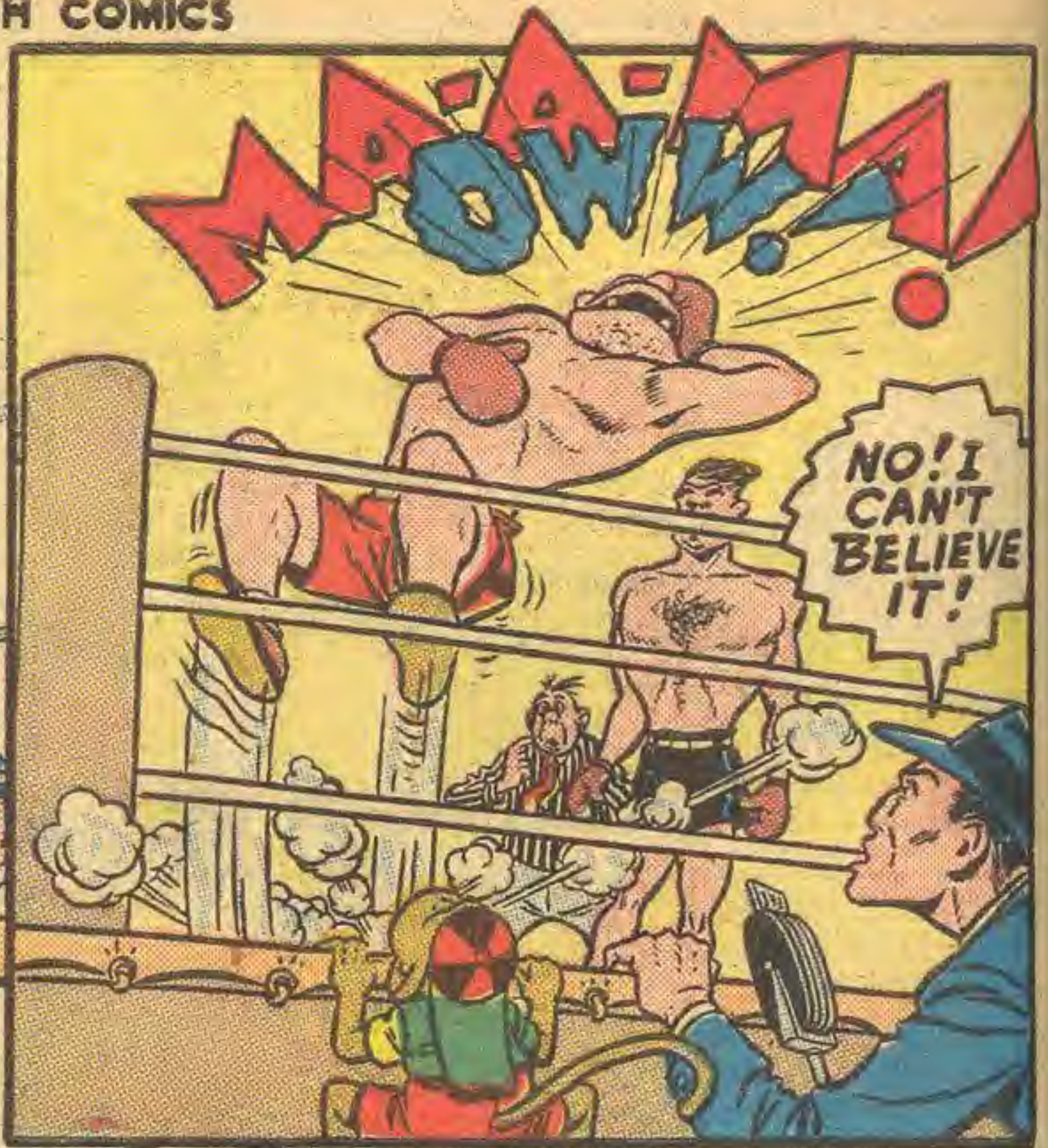
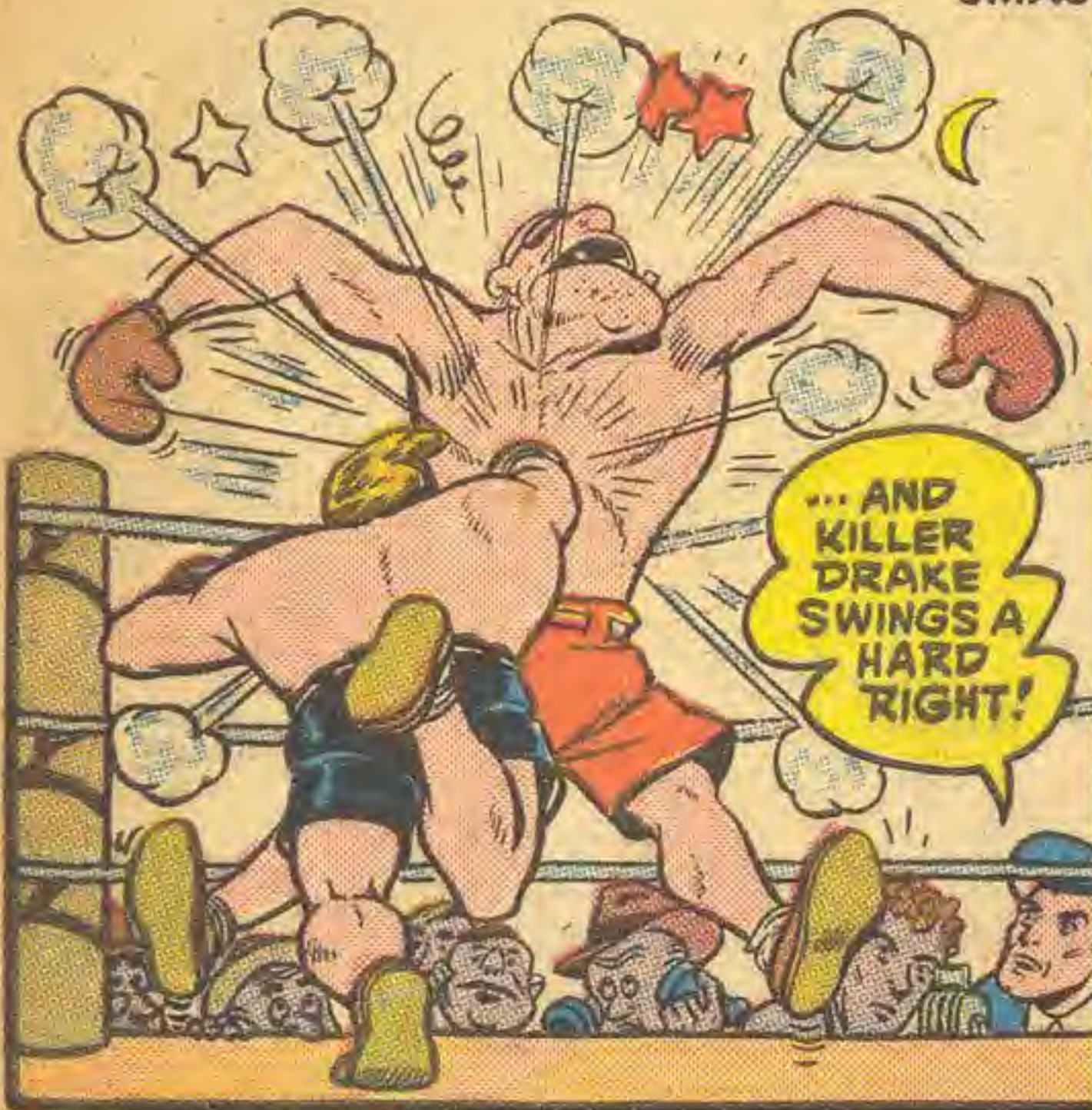


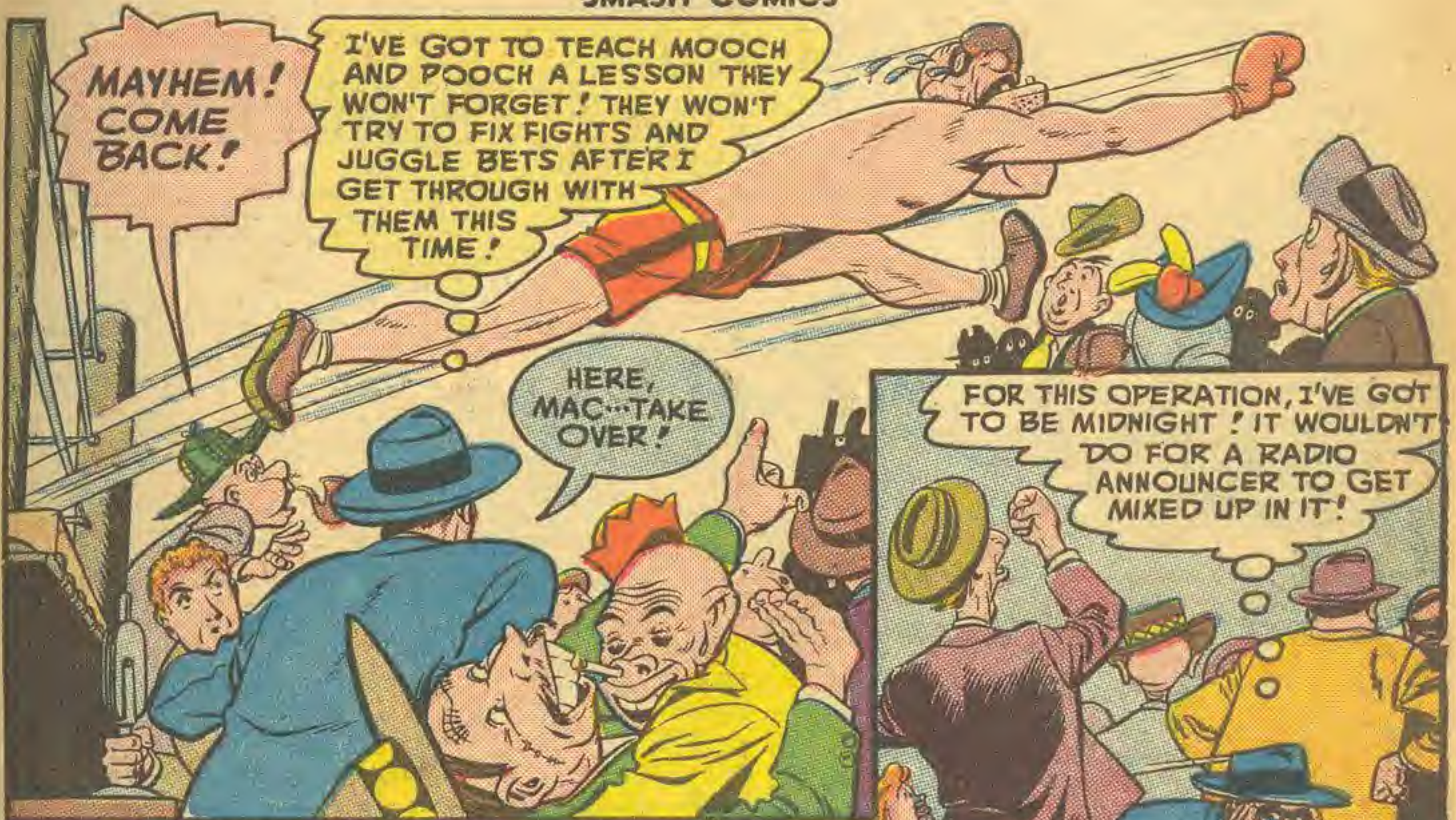


AT THE FIGHT ARENA











DAFFY

DEFENSELESS?
ARE YOU
KIDDIN'?

I'LL TEACH
YOU HOW TO
TREAT A
DEFENSELESS
OLD LADY!

FLOOR
WALKER

GET SOME
NOTIONS
HERE

THAT LAST
TOUR NETTED
US A NICE
LITTLE BUNDLE,
DAFFY! GO OUT
AND BUY YOURSELF
SOME THINGS!

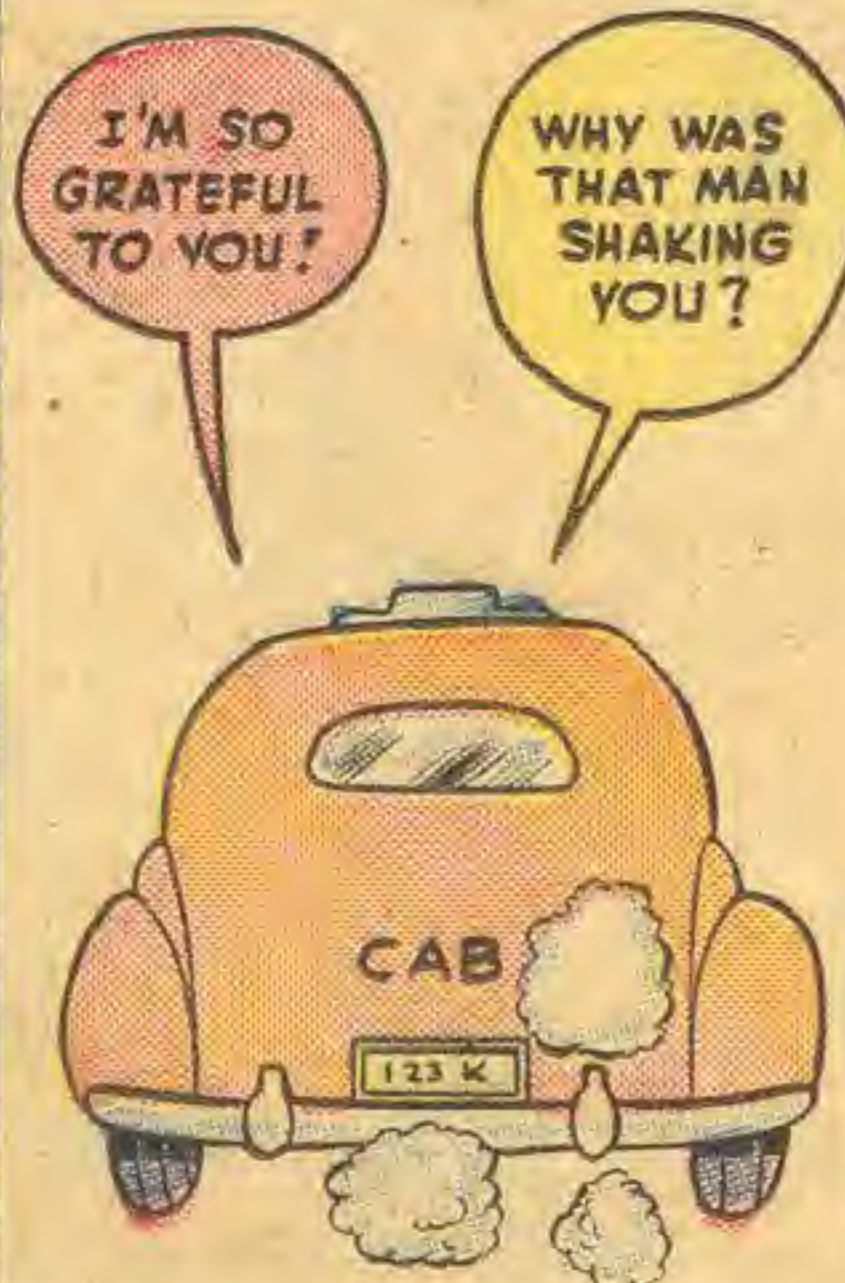
OH, BOY!
I HAVEN'T BEEN OUT
ON A SHOPPING SPREE
FOR A LONG
TIME!

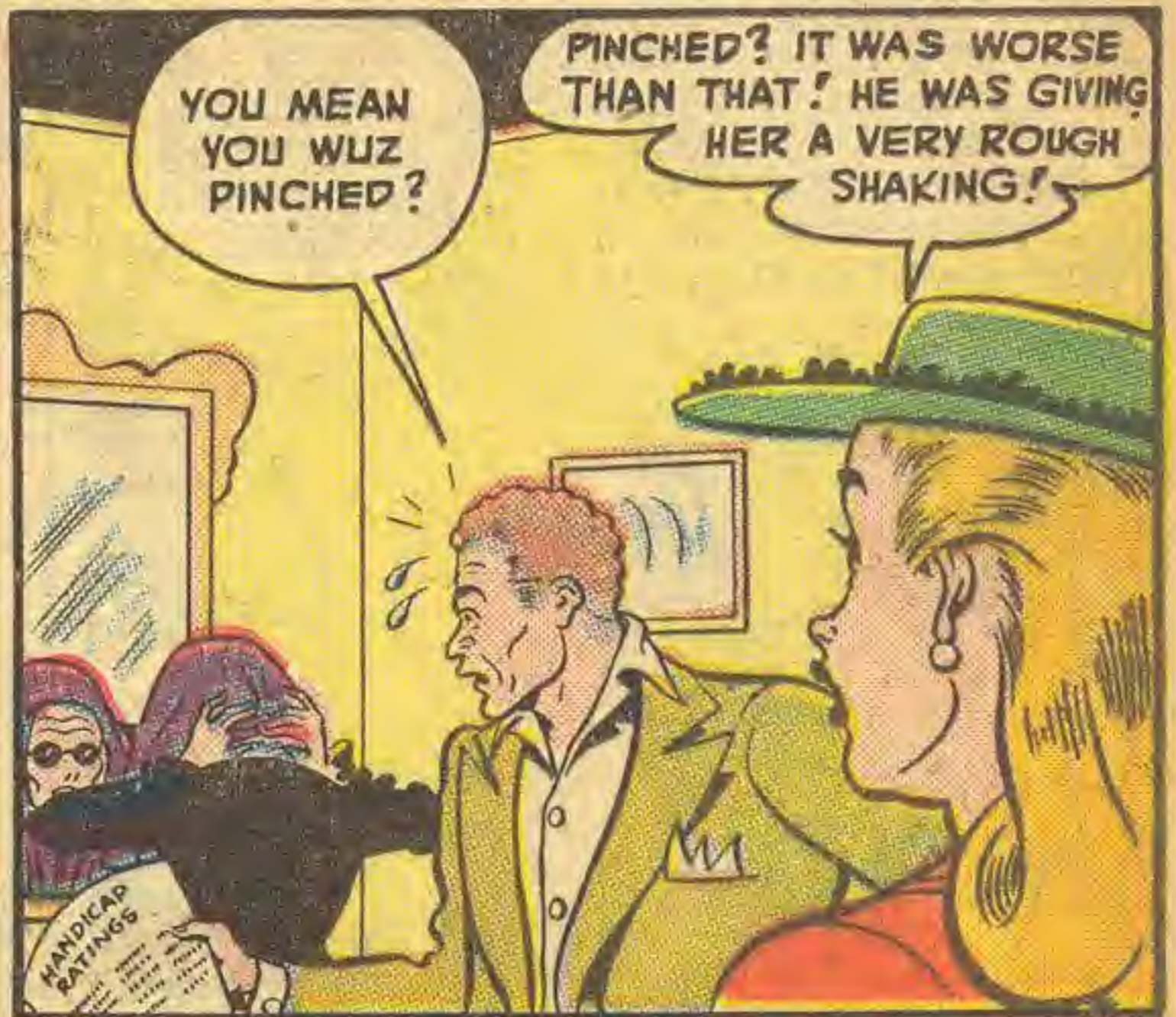
NOTHING
TO DO BUT
BROWSE
AROUND AND
BUY WHATEVER I
LIKE! IT SURE OUGHT
TO BE RESTFUL AFTER
THREE MONTHS OF
NIGHTLY BOUTS!



LONDON PARIS
YAKS
NEW YORK







COUSIN ALICE CALLED UP A WHILE AGO! SHE SAYS POOR COUSIN SAM HAS TAKEN IT INTO HIS HEAD TO STAND GUARD AT THE CITY UTILITIES COMPANY OFFICE THIS AFTER-NOON AFTER CLOSING!

DEAR... OH, DEAR! THE POLICE WILL PICK HIM UP AND SEND HIM TO THE STATE ASYLUM!

WE CAN'T REASON WITH HIM WHEN HE'S LIKE THIS! HE HAS TO BE GUIDED BY A STRONG HAND! YOU WILL HELP US, WON'T YOU?

WELL... IT ISN'T EXACTLY IN MY LINE... BUT I DON'T MIND!

MY! WHAT A HUGE CAR!

YEAH! IT STANDS OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB... BUT IT'S GOT SPEED AND THAT'S WHAT WE NEED! GULP! I MEAN... IN CASE I GET SICK AND OSWALD HAS TO TAKE ME TO THE DOCTOR!

HERE WE ARE! NOW DON'T TRY TO ARGUE WITH MR. JONES, MY DEAR! HE'S BEYOND ALL REASON WHEN HE'S THIS WAY! JUST BE FIRM!

I'LL TRY!

STAND BACK! WE DON'T WANT TO ALARM HIM!

CITY UTILITIES CO.

CITY UTILITIES ANY

5

WHAT DO YOU WANT? IT'S AFTER HOURS AND WE'RE CLOSED!

OH, SAM... SAM... DO WE HAVE TO GO THROUGH ALL THAT AGAIN?

CAN'T WE BE SENSIBLE ABOUT THIS?

WHAT GOES ON HERE? WHO ARE YOU?



The JESTER



Detective McGinty and Officer Chuck Lane hear a cry in the night...

HELP!
MURDER!
POLICE!

THAT'S
US, CHUCK!
HURRY!

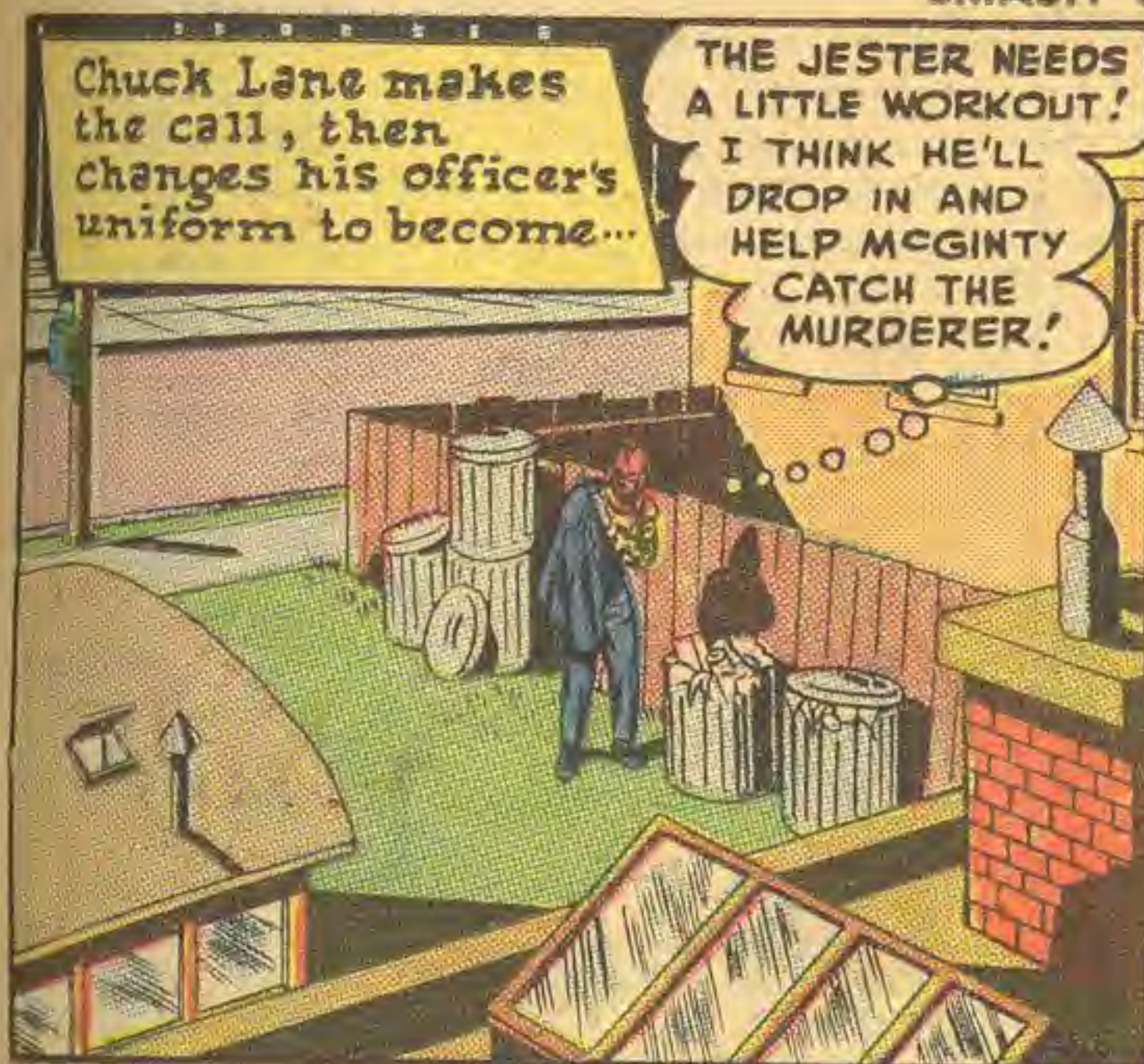
KERRY'S KITCHEN

A HOLDUP MAN DID IT... CAME IN, TOOK THE MONEY FROM THE CASH REGISTER, AND SHOT THE PROPRIETOR!

YEAH! IT'S KERRY, ALL RIGHT! < WAS ANYBODY HERE BESIDES YOU?

NO! I WAS THE ONLY CUSTOMER! THE KILLER WAS SHORT... SCRAWNY... DARK... HAD A LONG NOSE!

I'LL TAKE CHARGE, CHUCK! GO PHONE THE MORGUE TO PICK UP THIS POOR DEAD GUY!











WHY, YOU...

QUINOPOLIS CAN FIND GUNS WITHOUT LOOKING! IT'S A KIND OF HOME-MADE RADAR!



YES... ONE BULLET FIRED! THE CALIBER'S THE SAME AS THE DEATH GUN! OUR EXPERTS WILL BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY IT!

I HID THAT GUN AND THE LOOT FOR MY PAL WHO DID THE JOB, AND YOU'LL NEVER FIND HIM!



PARDON ME, BUT I **HAVE** FOUND HIM! YOUR OWN DESCRIPTION GAVE HIM AWAY!

IT WAS PHONY! DO YOU THINK I'D TELL YOU WHAT HE **REALLY** LOOKS LIKE?



SHE SAID SHORT... SCRAWNY... DARK... LONG-NOSED...

AND NATURALLY SHE WAS TELLING THE **OPPOSITE OF THE TRUTH!**



HER PAL WOULD BE TALL... HEAVY... BLOND... SNUB-NOSED! IN OTHER WORDS, **MR. MOLLUC!**

SOMEBODY CALL ME?



CUTE HOLDUP STUNT, YOU TWO! YOU GAVE THE LAW A WITNESS THAT WOULD POINT **FAR AWAY** FROM YOU! BUT YOU DIDN'T FOOL ME! NO, SIR!

OH, MCGINTY, HOW YOU TALK! I CAN'T STAND IT! I'M LEAVING!



When the Jester has again donned the uniform of Chuck Lane ...

I CALLED THE MORGUE, MCGINTY!

YEAH! AND YOU TOOK YOUR OWN SWEET TIME ABOUT IT! GO BACK AND CALL THE PATROL WAGON! I, WITH SOME HELP FROM THE JESTER, HAVE CAUGHT THE **MURDERERS!**

By Klaus Nordling

Dear Brenda —
We understand that you are personally acquainted with Lady Luck — we would appreciate your aid in locating her. We would like her to contact us — or better yet, to call at the Alumnae Office in person.
Best regards
Maude.

The Montrose Alumnae Association
requests the presence of
Miss Brenda Banks
at its Annual Banquet
to be held in
Wakemore Hall
947
7:30 P.M.

WE'LL BE DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU AS GUEST OF HONOR AT THE BANQUET, LADY LUCK! YOU SEE, THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND THE ALUMNAE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE HAVE ELECTED TO CONFER AN HONORARY DEGREE ON YOU!

WHY... I'M DEEPLY HONORED!

WELL! ONE OF US WILL HAVE TO MISS THE DINNER--AND THIS TIME IT'LL HAVE TO BE BRENDA BANKS!

The night of the banquet..

OH, BRENDA--THE MOST DREADFUL CALAMITY.. MRS. VAN DOTAGE, WHO WAS TO INTRODUCE LADY LUCK, TONIGHT, HAS BEEN TAKEN ILL! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE OVER, BRENDA!

I?--- ER.. GOODNESS... ..NO....

I SHAN'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER.. YOU SIMPLY MUST DO IT, BRENDA! WE'LL EXPECT YOU A FEW MINUTES EARLY... I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU GET HERE!

...BUT... I ...I... CAN'T...

GLP!

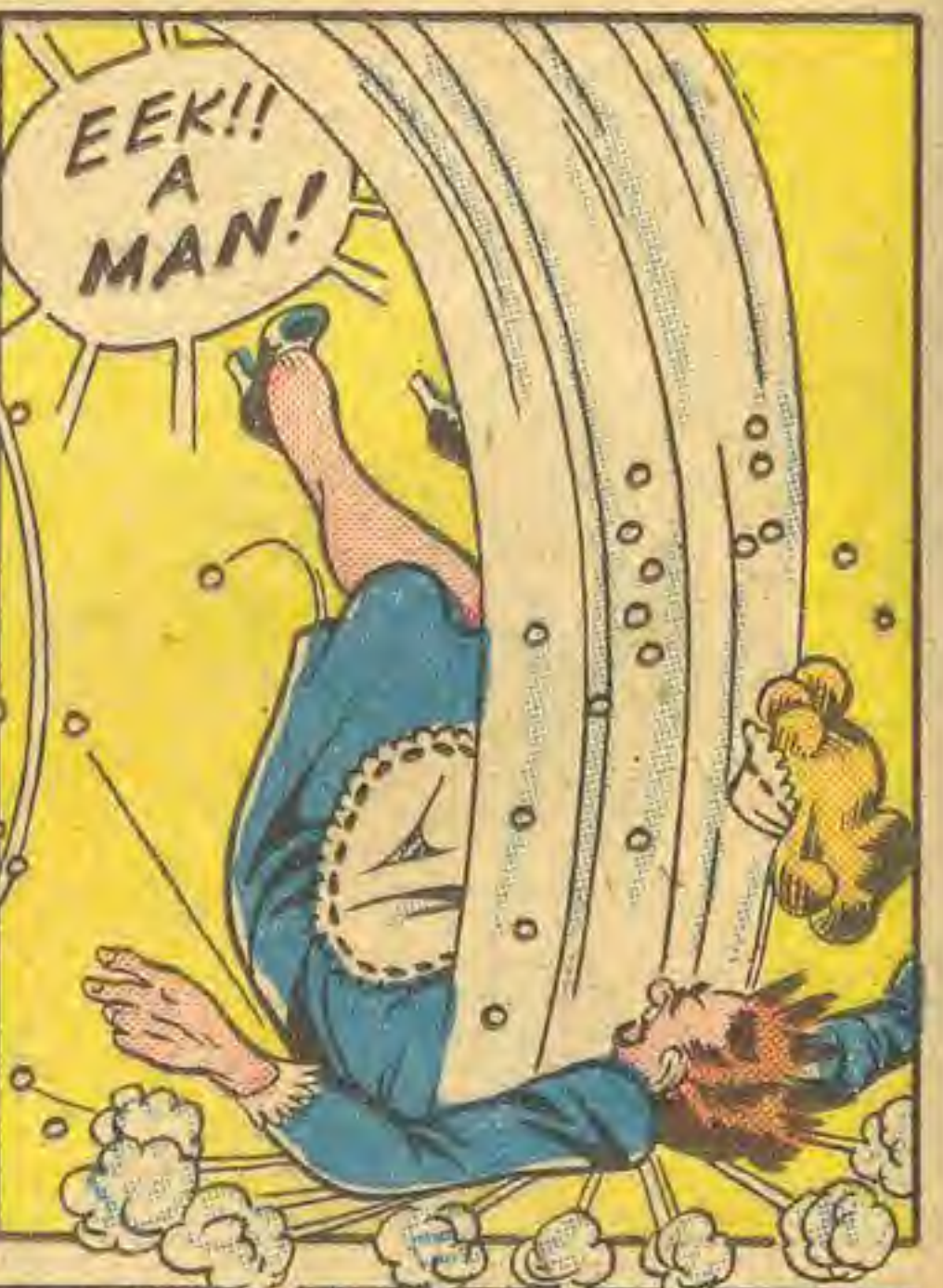
CLIK

LADY LUCK





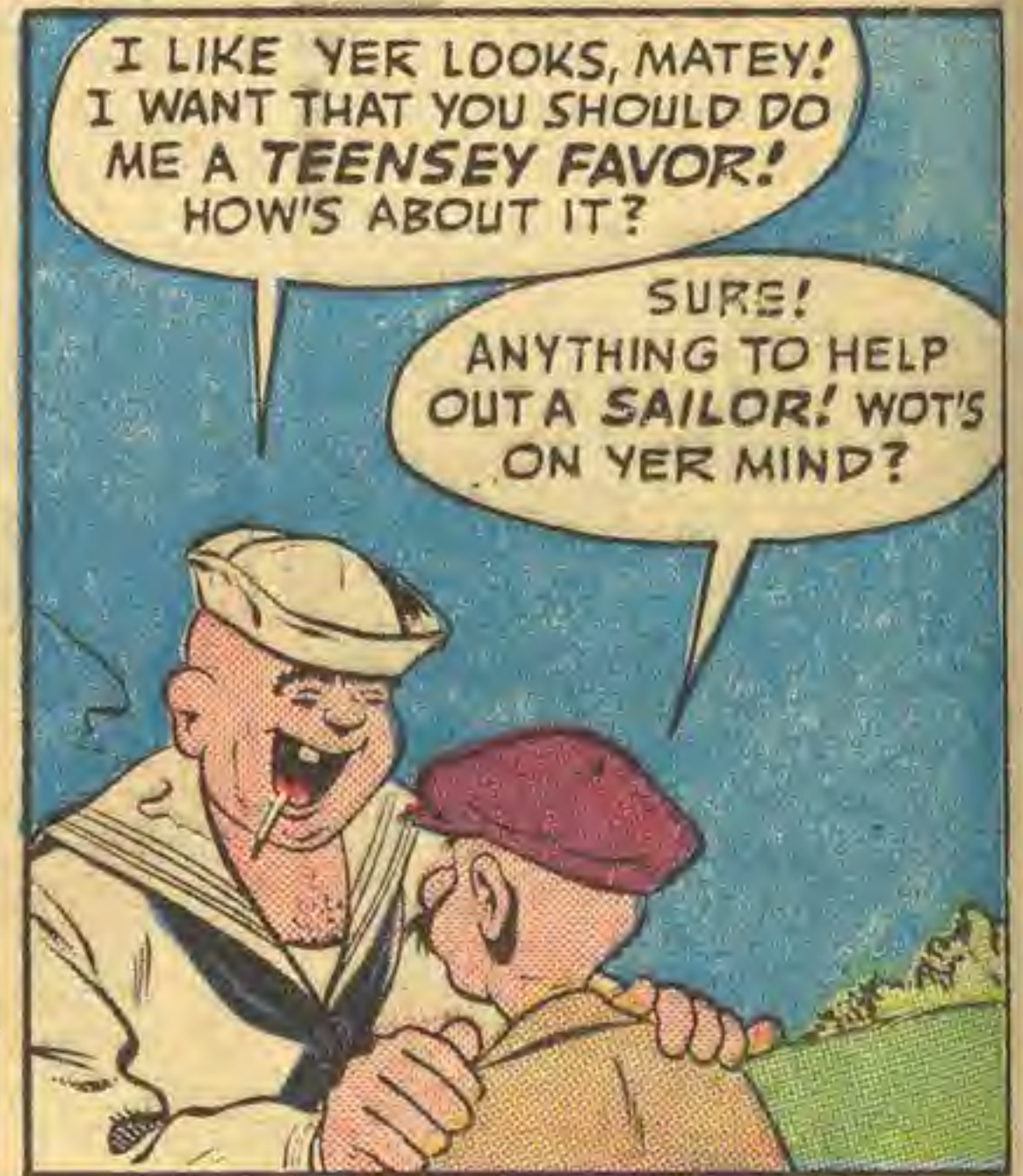
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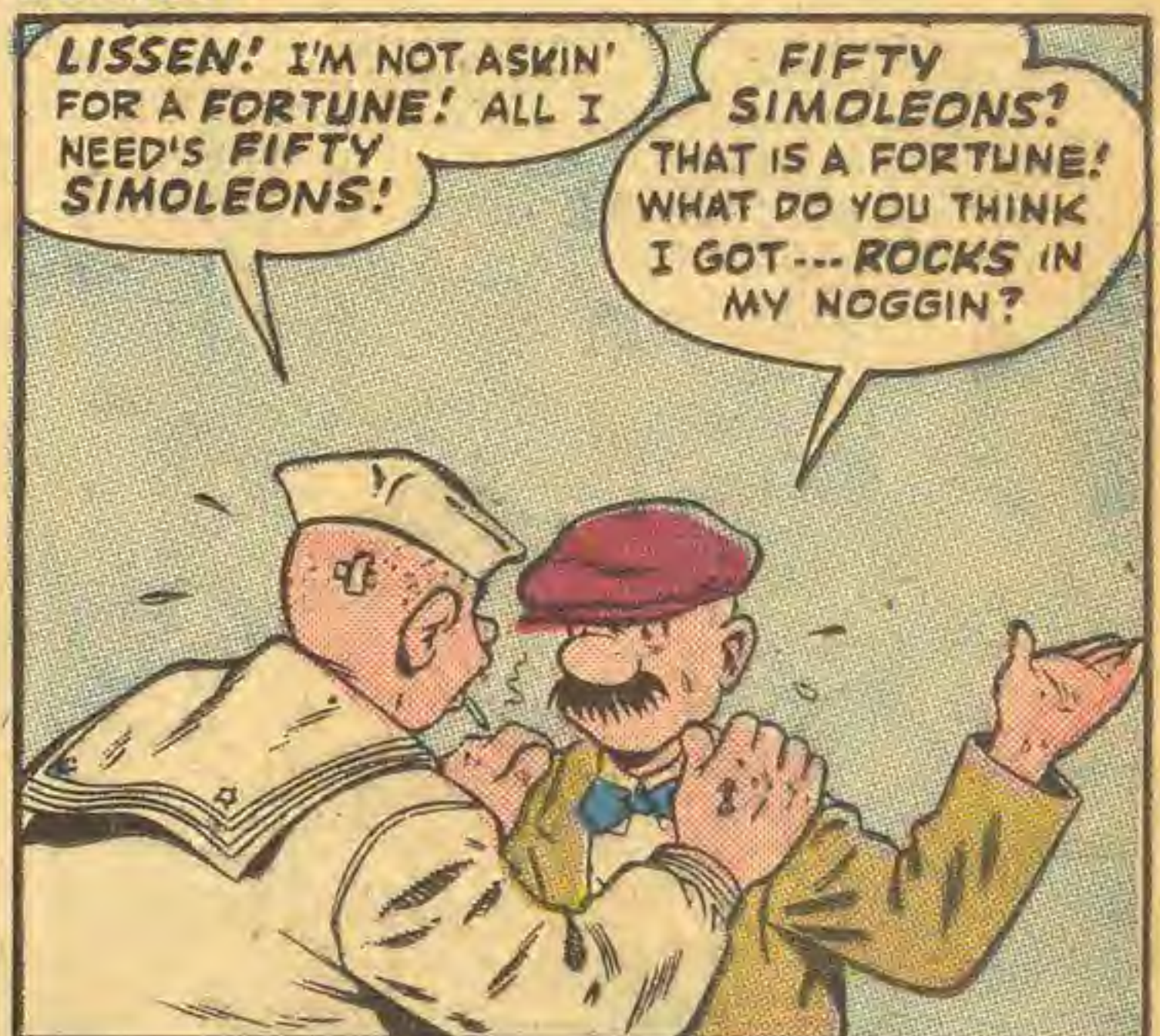
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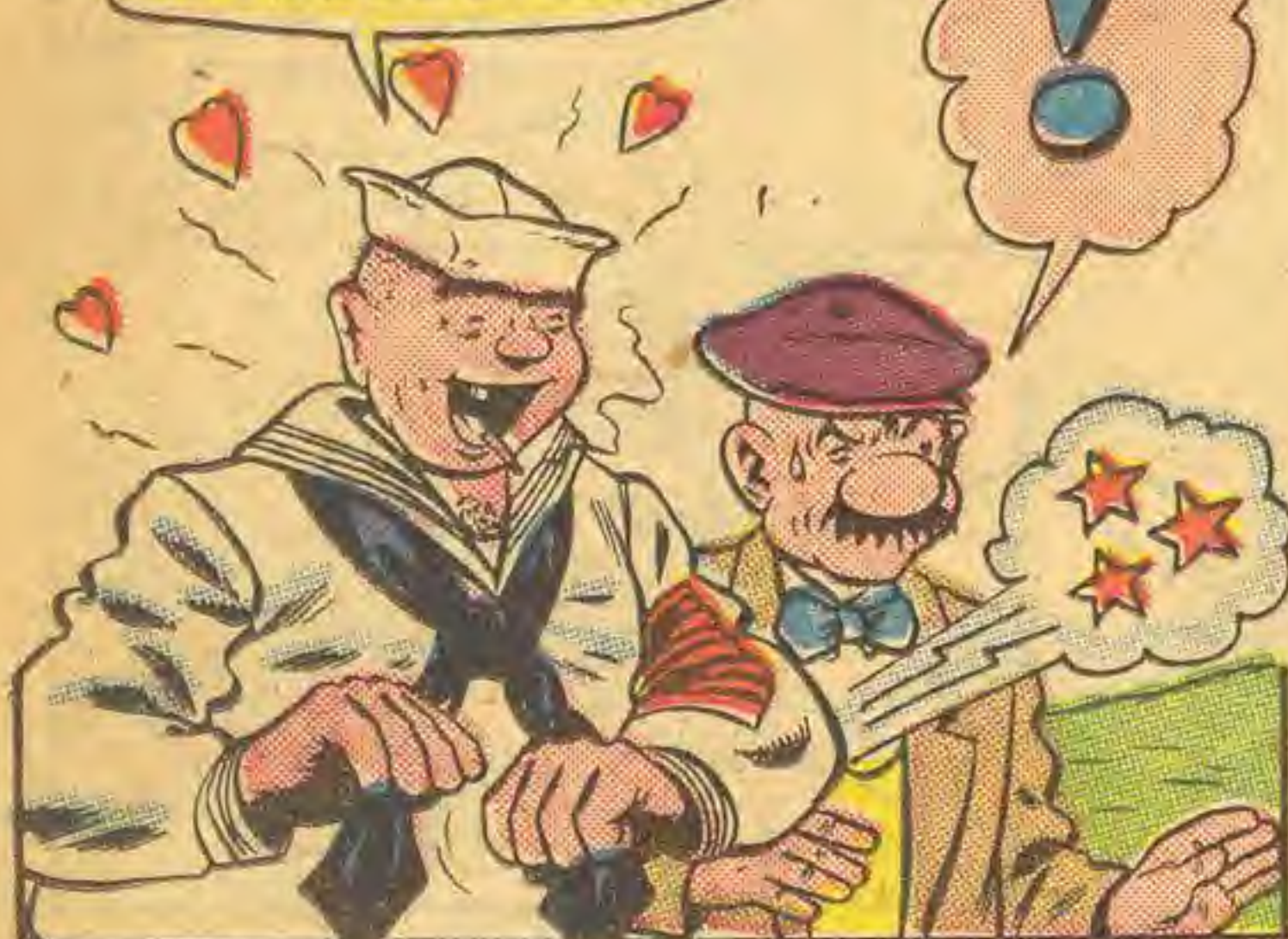


BATCH BACHELOR



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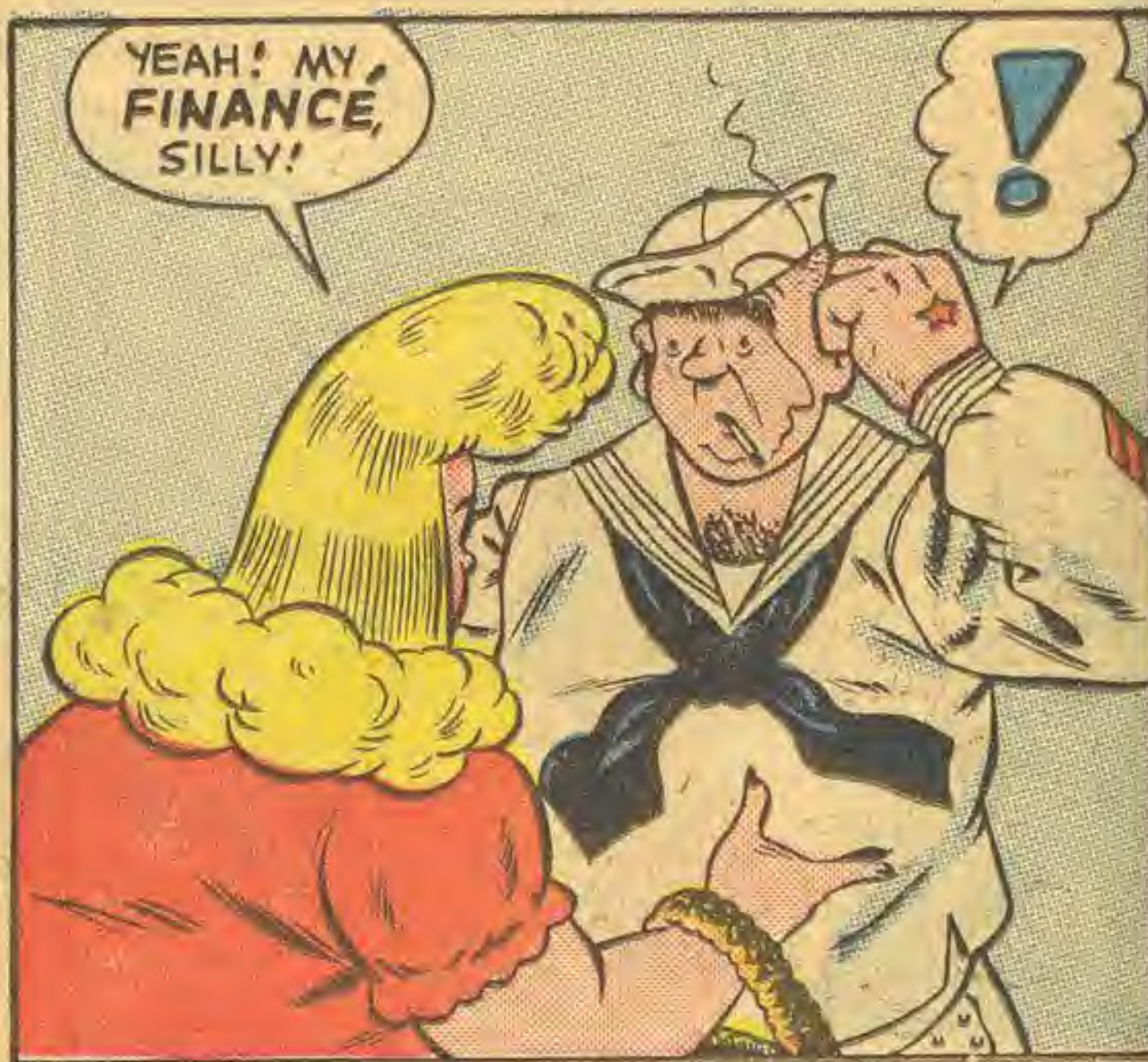




PLOP!



BATCH?

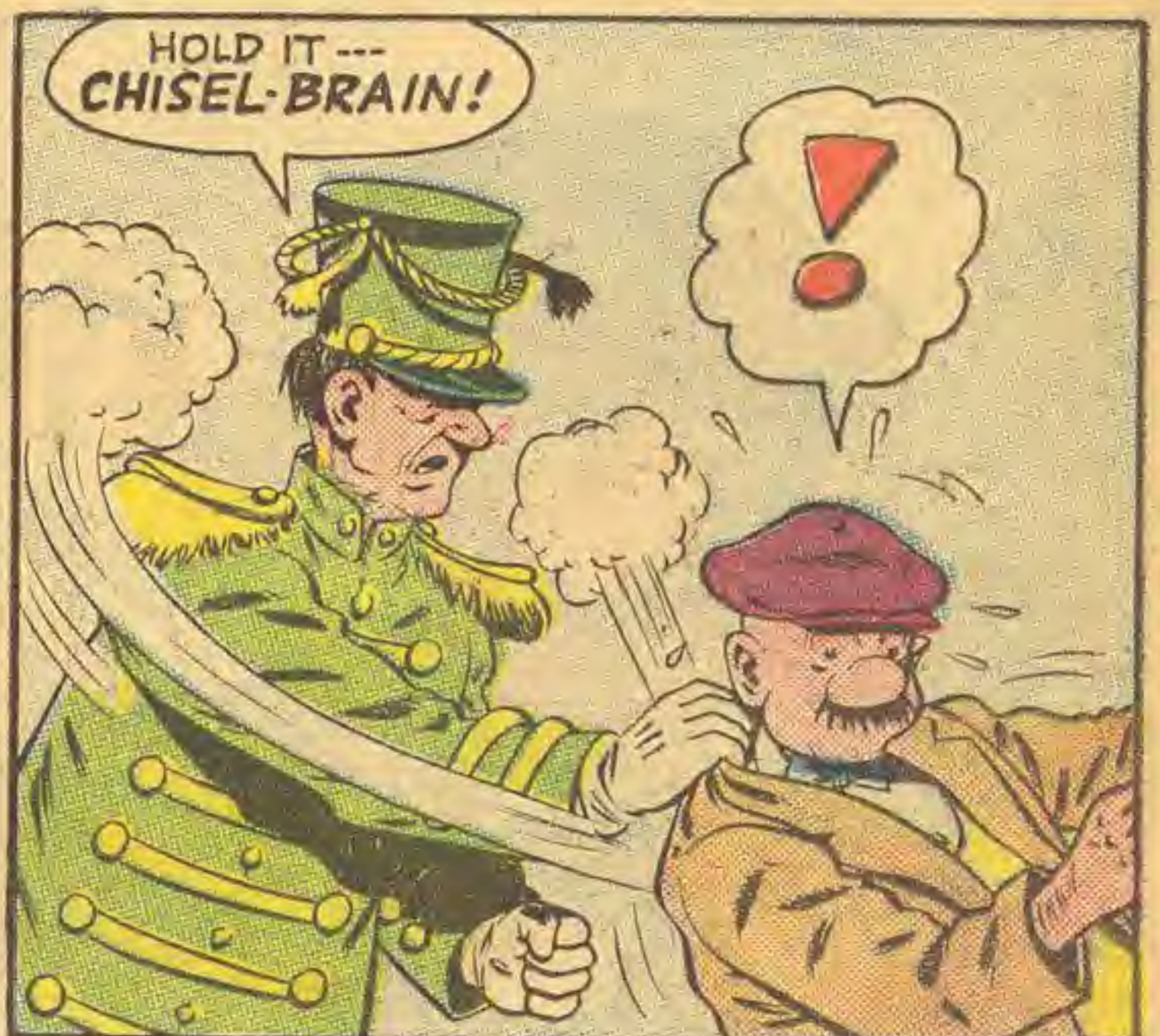
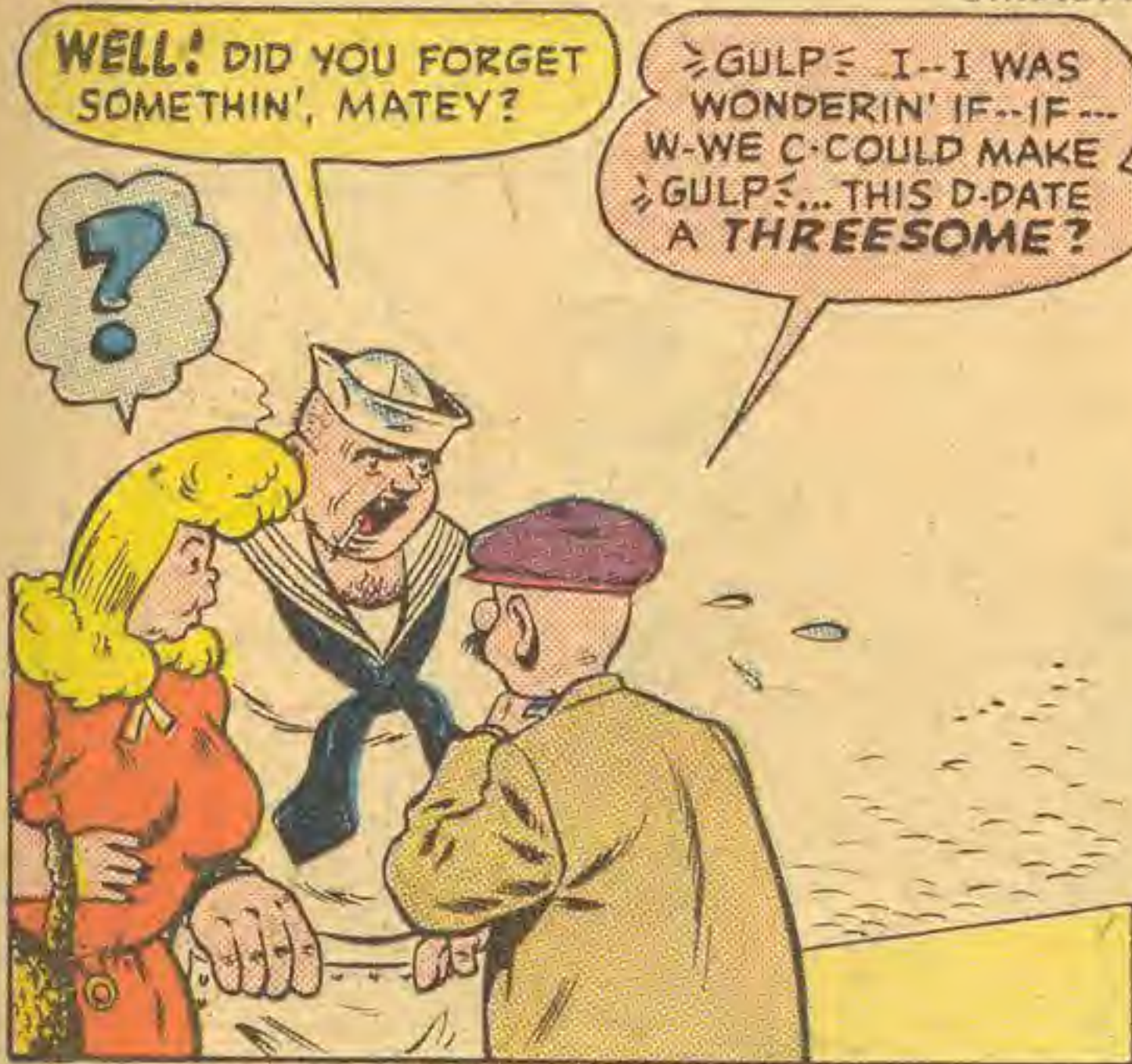


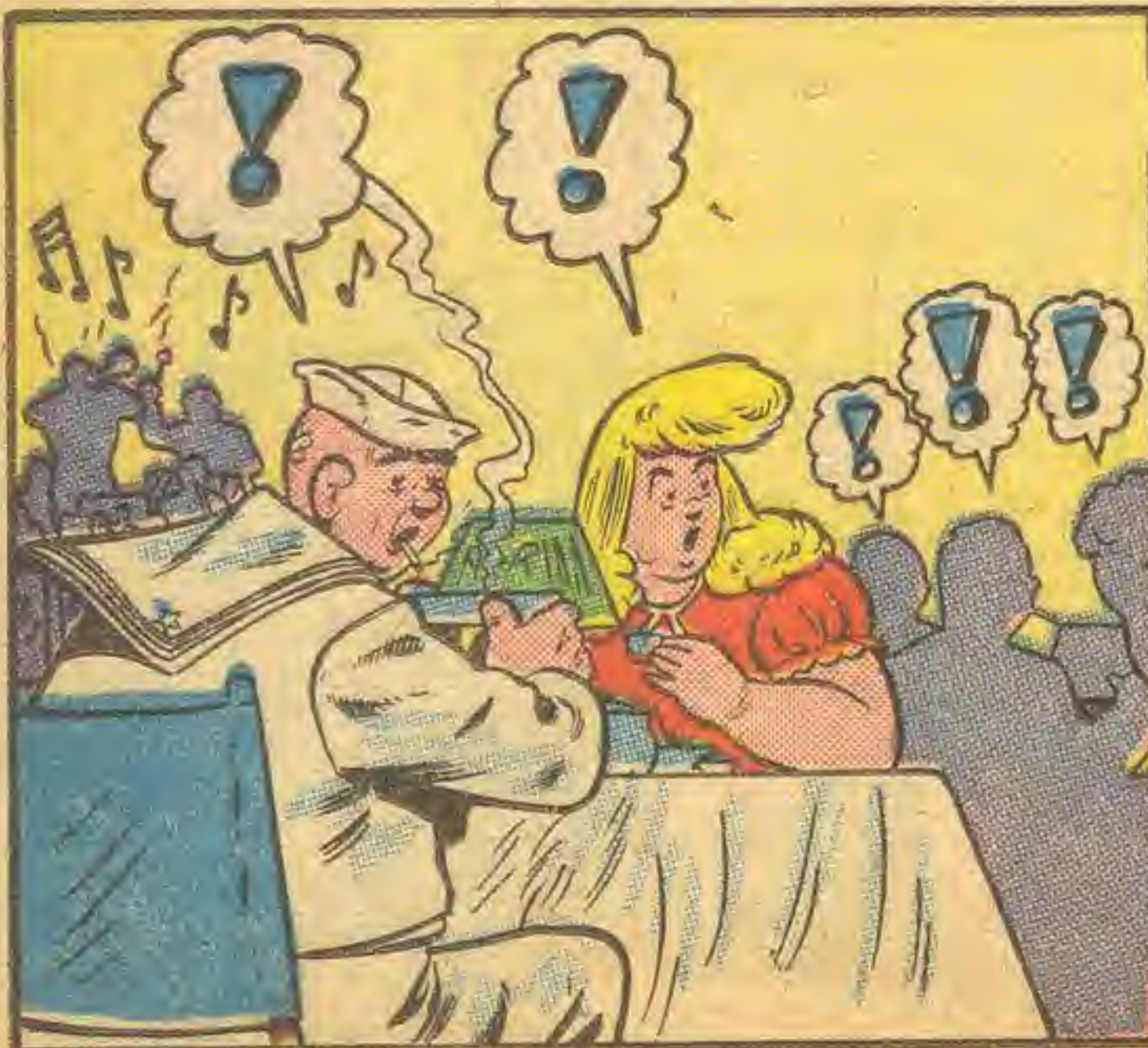
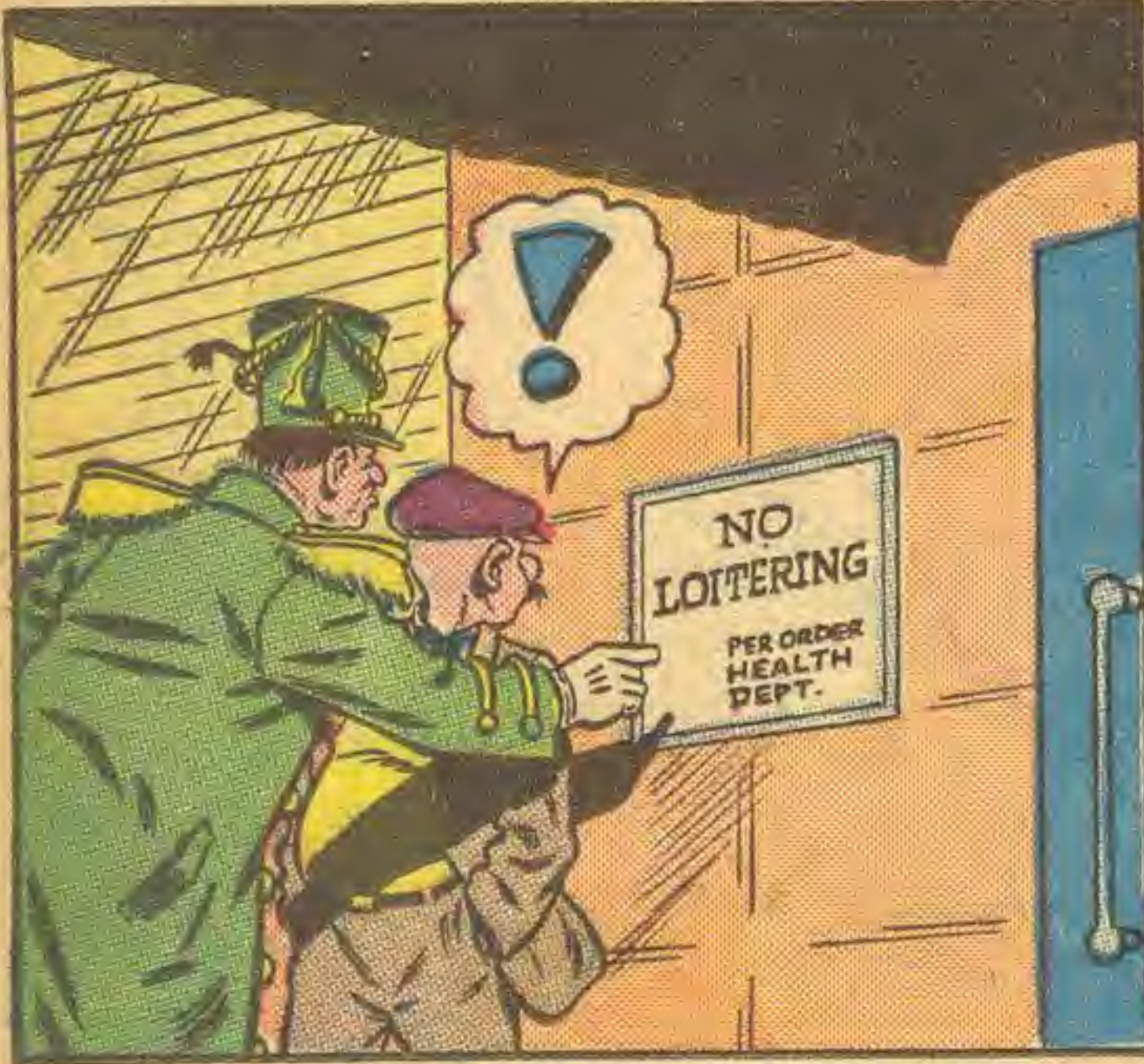
GRZR-R

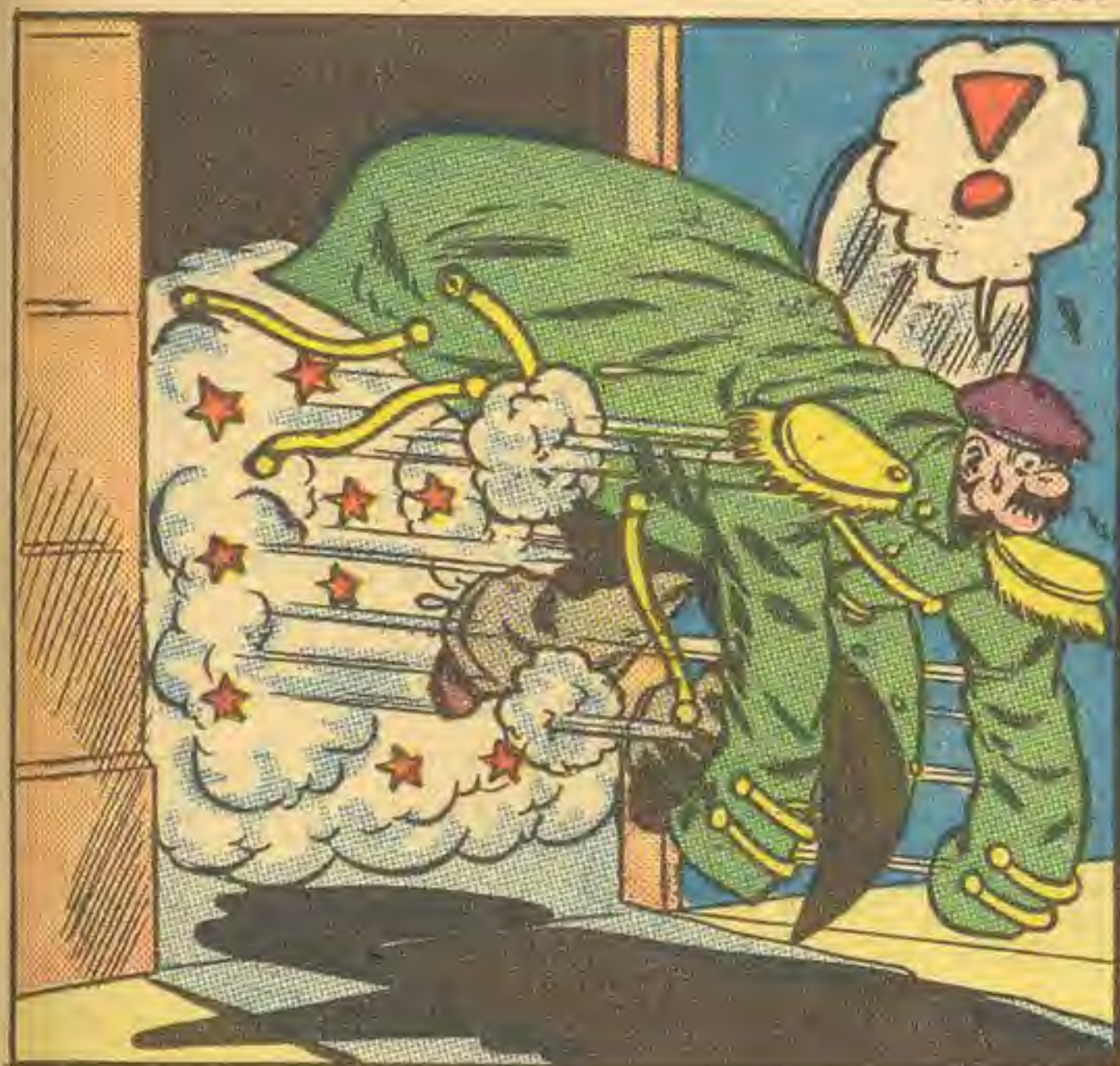
GREER

GRZR-R









Big BEE Business

DOC WACKEY'S laboratory was the scene of much excitement that Saturday morning when Sniffer Snoop dropped in to say hello.

"What's cookin', Doc?"

The little scientist looked up from his experiments and smiled serenely.

"Ah, Sniffer, you may be a great detective, but there are greater attainments than trapping the stupid criminal."

Sniffer sniffed. "And what, pray, is greater, pill-roller?"

Doc Wackey waved a hand expansively to take in his screwball assortment of gadgets. "This—these—and what they mean to mankind, m'lad!"

"Pooh!" poohed Sniffer. "Bottles and wires and coils! So what?"

Wackey drew himself up to his full height.

"Bottles and coils, yes, gumshoe! But in this lab is about to be launched a project the magnitude of which is astounding."

Sniffer gaped. "Say that in plain Yankee, Doc, an' mebbe I'll get it," he said.

Wackey took a better stance. "What I have done," he said, "is to produce a bee of exceptional abilities. A bee, Sniffer, that will give the world a hundred times more honey . . . per bee, that is."

The detective roared with laughter. "And I thought you had something important! Bees!"

"Scoff flatfoot," said Doc angrily. "But you'll see. You'll see!"

Dave Clark, radio announcer, had finished his stint at the studio and was driving home when the *thing* bashed in his windshield.

"What was that?" growled Dave as he stopped the car and got out. "Went right through the windshield. Must've been a buzzard!"

The remains of the creature, whatever it was, were spattered every which way, so that it was impossible to put a name to it. However, Dave could find no feathers or fur, so didn't know what to say.

He ran his car into the garage to have a new windshield, and while he waited, turned on the radio.

" . . . all cars! Proceed to east side and throw cordon around the Flatheath area. Mad killer slew three people there an hour ago. May be dangerous. That is all."

Dave had permission to receive police short-wave radio calls.

"Now, what do you think of that?" he said to himself. "Murder, murder! The world seems full of it these days. All fixed, Jim?" he asked the garage man.

Driving home, Dave picked up another police call. It was an order for cruisers to rush to another section of town, where several people had met death. Dave drove to police headquarters and went in to see Chief Scott.

"What goes on, Scott?" he asked.

"Plenty, Dave! Some kind of killer is at large. We can't figure it out. Seems to sting his victims to death—or at least that's what the wounds look like. Coroner says tests show a strange venom in the bloodstream."

"Hmm," said Clark. "Sounds interesting."

"It's got me worried stiff, Dave," said the chief. "Maybe you think it hasn't. These things are what make police work—"

"Interesting, I'll say again," interrupted Dave. "I'm not in a kidding mood."

Clark wasn't to be put off that easy. "But maybe it is a bee stinging people to death, Chief," he said. "It's happened before."

Scott glared. "A bee with a stinger ten inches long? Bah! I tell you the coroner pulled one of those stingers—or whatever they are—and it was bigger than an ice pick. It actually stabbed the chap to death. He bled to death."

Dave whistled. "Yes, that would bear looking into. Well, so long, Chief. I'll be seeing you."

There would be no broadcast for Dave until ten that night; he had several hours to himself,

SMASH COMICS

so he took a drive out toward the country. He had only gone a couple of miles when a loud buzzing caused him to draw up under a big tree which was in blossom.

The buzzing was so loud, it hurt his eardrums.

He got out of the car and looked up. Then his heart nearly stopped. The tree was loaded with bees. But such bees! They were at least as big as small ponies! Where they clung to the limbs, the limbs sagged under their enormous weight.

"Migosh," he gasped. "I never heard of such bees! Why, they must weigh a couple of hundred pounds!"

He drew his gun and fired at one of the monsters. It popped and fell to the highway with a great plop. Its heavy body flattened.

With a pair of pliers, Dave managed to draw out the stinger. It was a frightful looking thing—a good foot long, and exuding venom.

"Bee stilettos," he said to himself. "Well, the chief was right. But he doesn't believe they are actually bees. Where did they come from? These aren't common bees by any means!"

Dave shot a dozen or more of the bee-beasts, then got into his car and drove back to the city. He had seen enough. Now he would have to find the cause of these monstrosities.

That night the police battled several gangs of the giant bees, killing many of them; but the bees got in their whack just the same, knocking off a half dozen citizens.

But the worst was yet to come. By dawn, bees had been reported by farmers as being larger than cows! One report ran that several of these gigantic winged things had flown against a stone barn and demolished it!

By noon that day, the reports were something to marvel at. One farmer had seen several bees bigger than houses, flying through a wood, knocking trees over with their great weight!

Dave Clark donned his well known eye mask and became Midnight, the invulnerable tracker-downer of crime and criminals.

Midnight!

It was at midnight that a nearby town phoned the city and reported that a mob of monster creatures had flown through their town, knocking down several substantial buildings.

Not only that, bee keepers were frantically calling the police, saying that their bees were all gone, and in their place were things to freeze the blood. Many of the farmers had been stung to death.

Someone, Midnight knew, had found a way to increase the size of bees by mighty leaps. Who was this someone? And how far was he going? If the bees kept on growing, there was no end to what damage they might do.

An hour past midnight, and the man of that name was cruising about the city and environs watching everything suspicious. He must find the man responsible for the glandular growth of the bees. He picked up a police broadcast. Two cops had been stung to death doing their duty.

"You've gotta do something!" yelled Chief Scott out of the loudspeaker. Midnight grinned. "He means me!"

Midnight stopped in at headquarters and the chief shoved a message at him. "Read that!"

"To the people of Temple City: Hold a mass meeting tonight. Raise \$100,000 and place it under the East River Bridge by eight o'clock tomorrow, or die from bee stings!" It was signed with an X.

Sniffer Snoop strolled into headquarters just as Midnight had read the note. He dropped a bombshell.

"Doc Wackey's bees must've got out of hand," he said.

"Doc Wackey!" gasped Midnight. "Has he something to do with this? Take me to him immediately!"

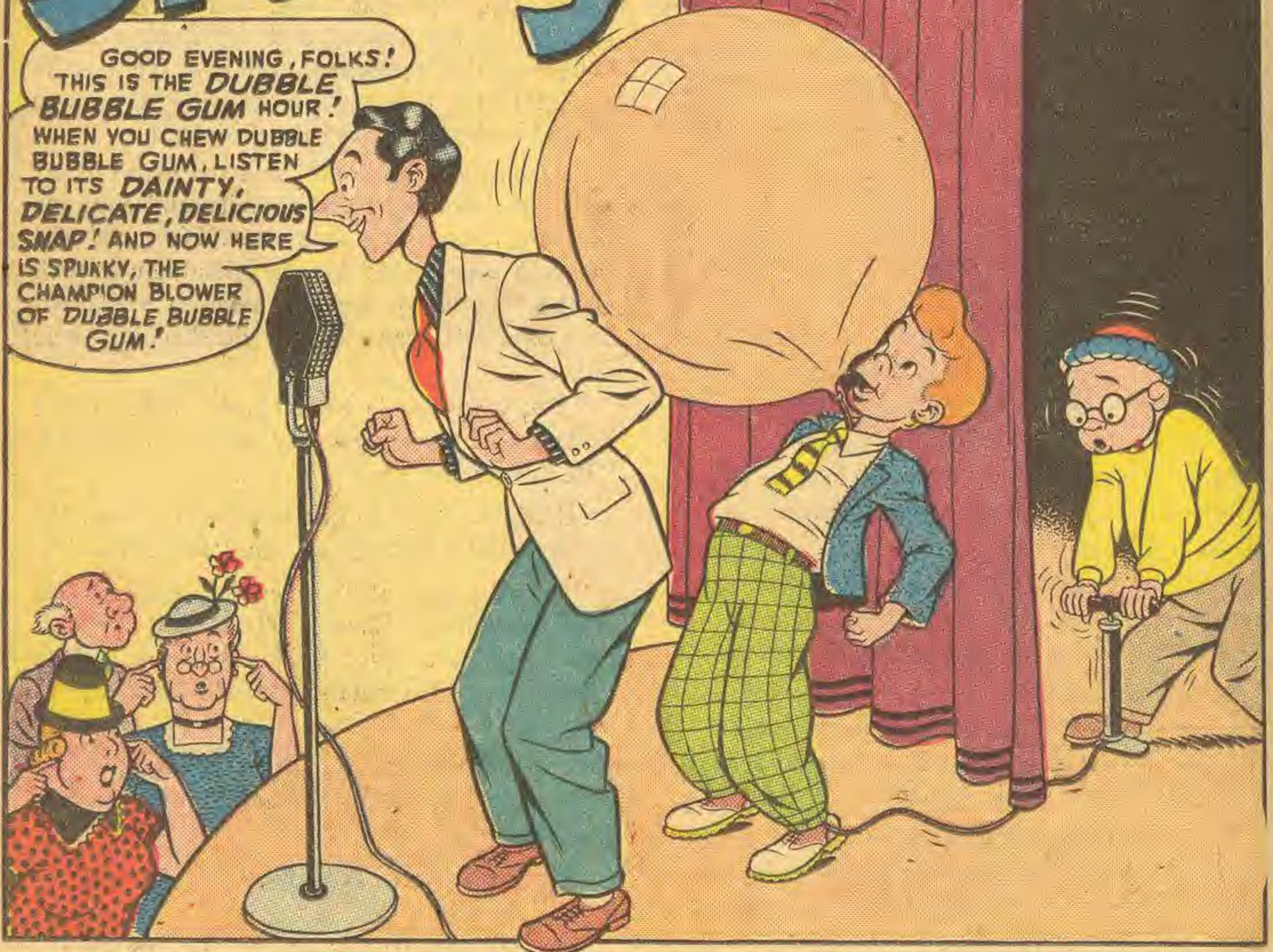
"Sure. Come on." Sniffer preceded the crime-buster outside.

They reached Doc Wackey's lab a few minutes later. The little scientist was bound and gagged. When they had him loose, he said, "I had just found a way to make larger bees when those crooks busted in, tied me up and stole the formula . . . but they won't get away with it now. They don't know that it's electricity that controls the size of the bees. Here, let me show you." Wackey threw a lever and a low humming began. "That will reduce every bee to normal size within a few minutes."

Midnight said, "Thank heavens, Doc! It's about time!"

SPUNKY

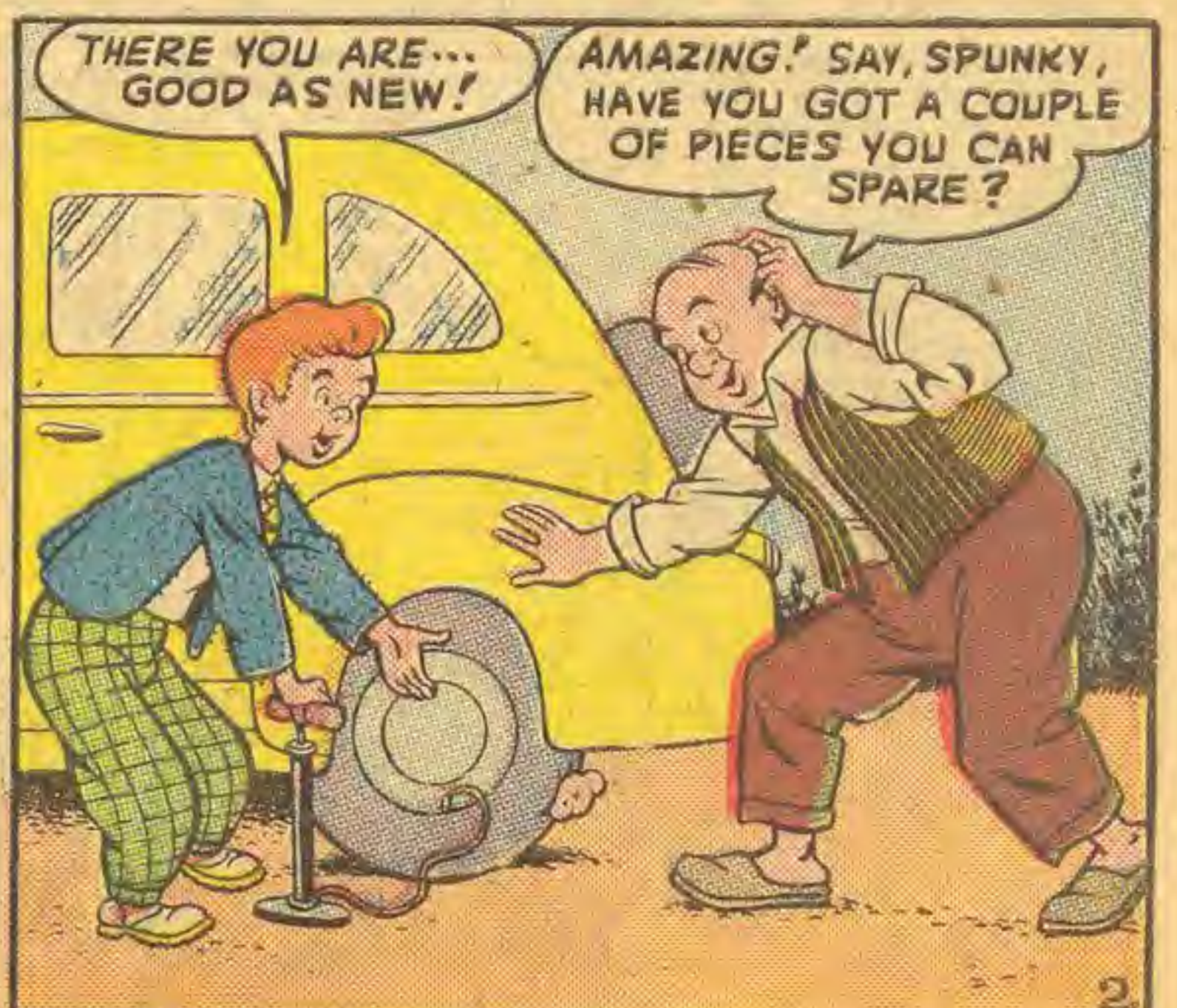
GOOD EVENING, FOLKS!
THIS IS THE **DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM** HOUR!
WHEN YOU CHEW DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM, LISTEN TO ITS **DAINTY, DELICATE, DELICIOUS SNAP!** AND NOW HERE IS SPUNKY, THE CHAMPION BLOWER OF DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!

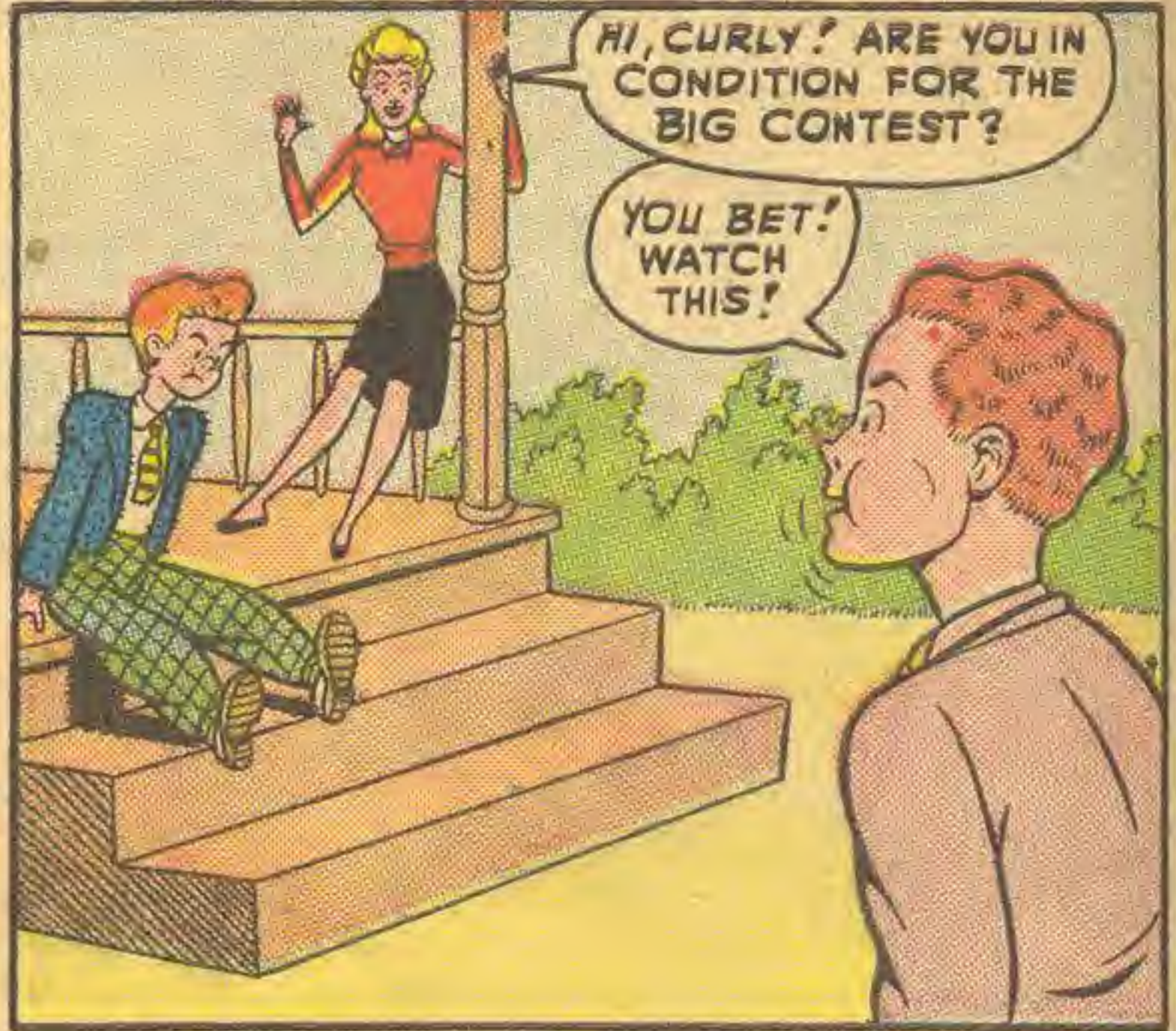
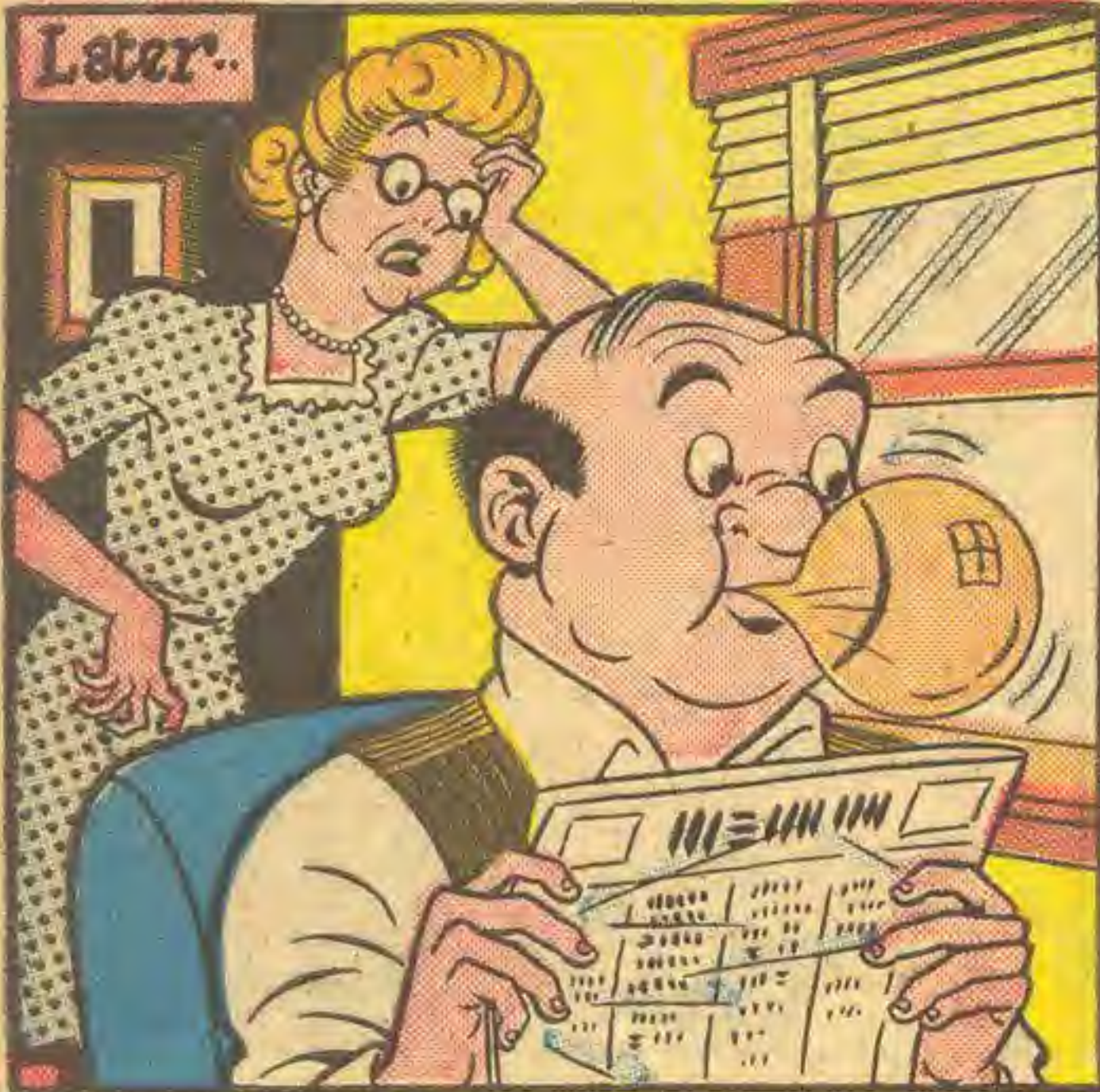


Marge's father has just settled down for a quiet evening of relaxation, after a hard day at the office!



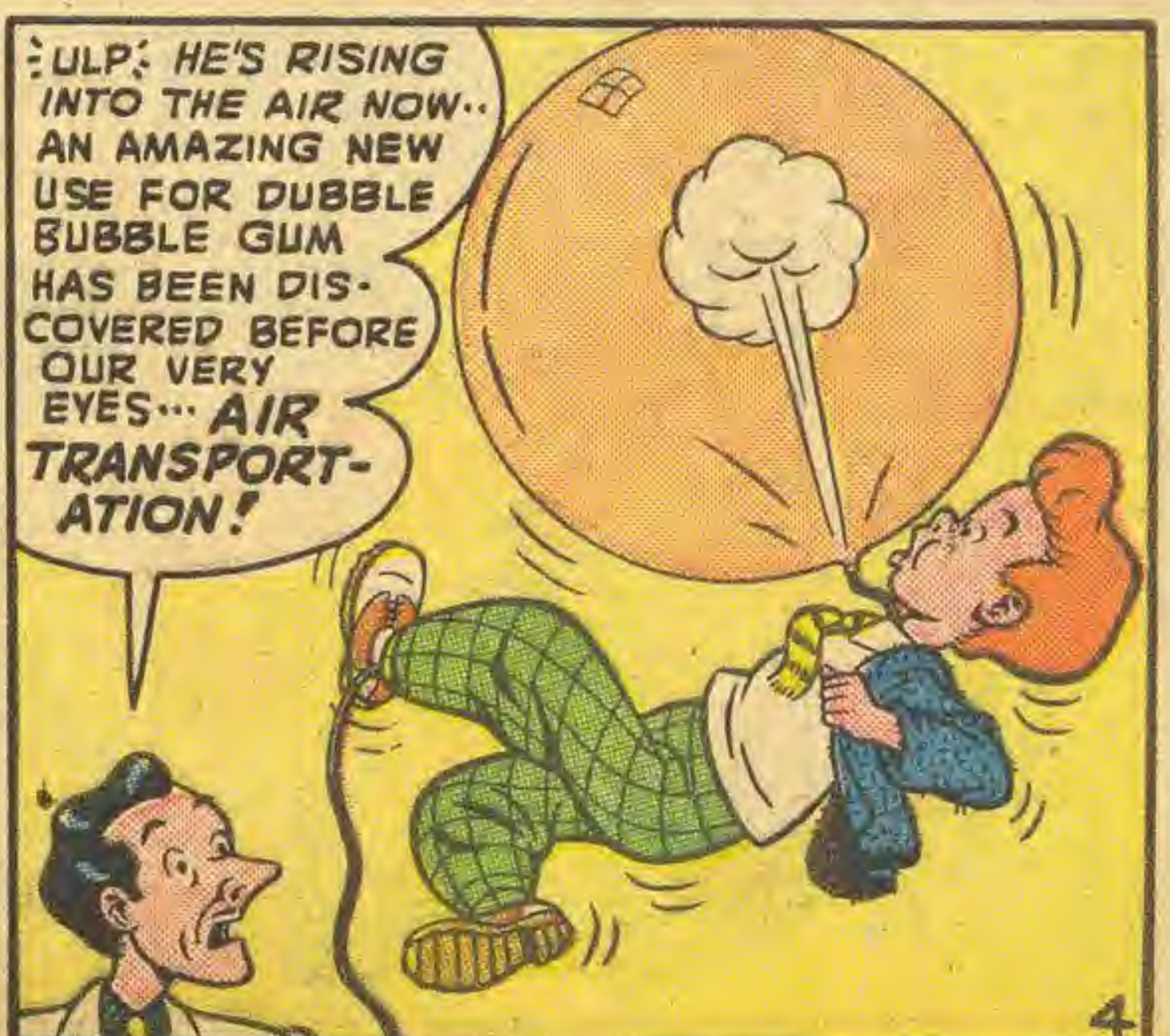
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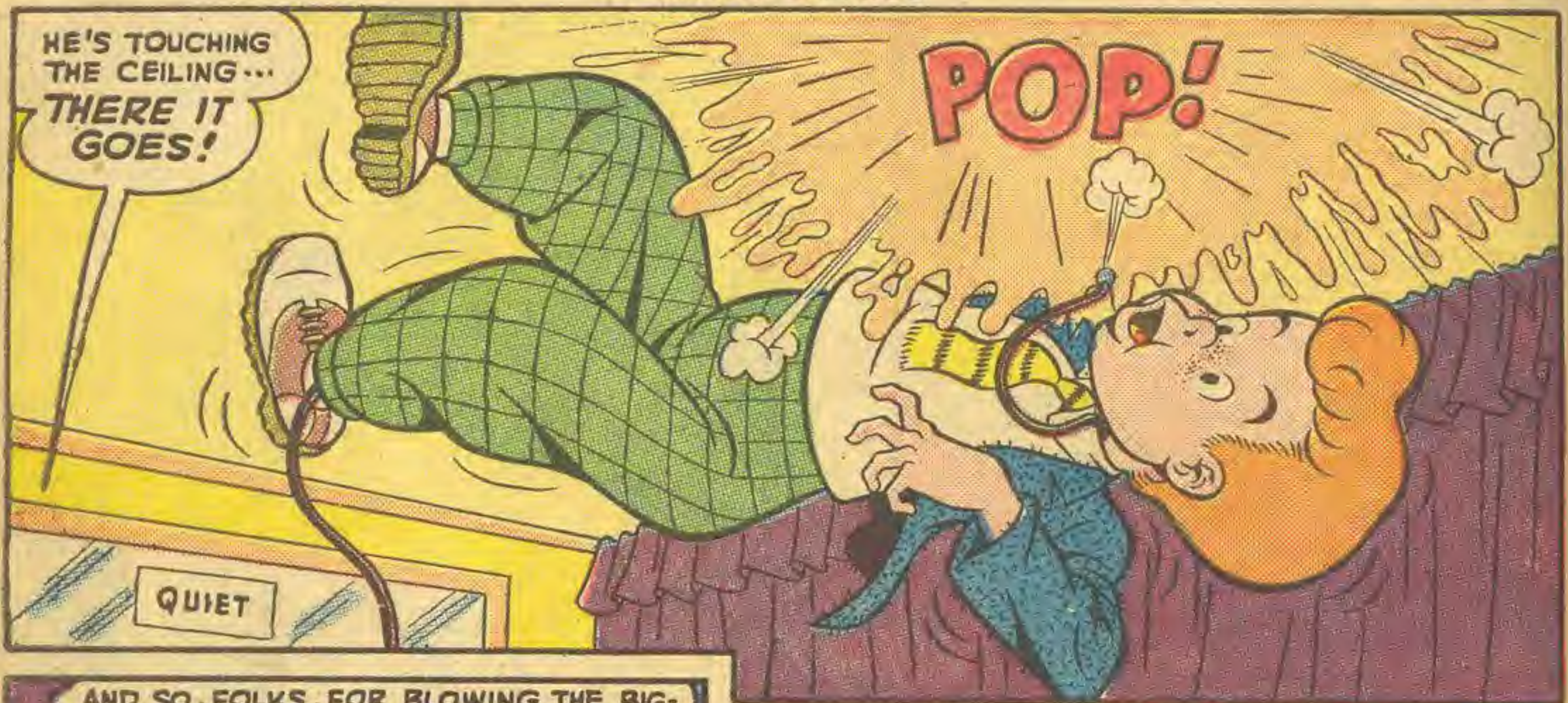




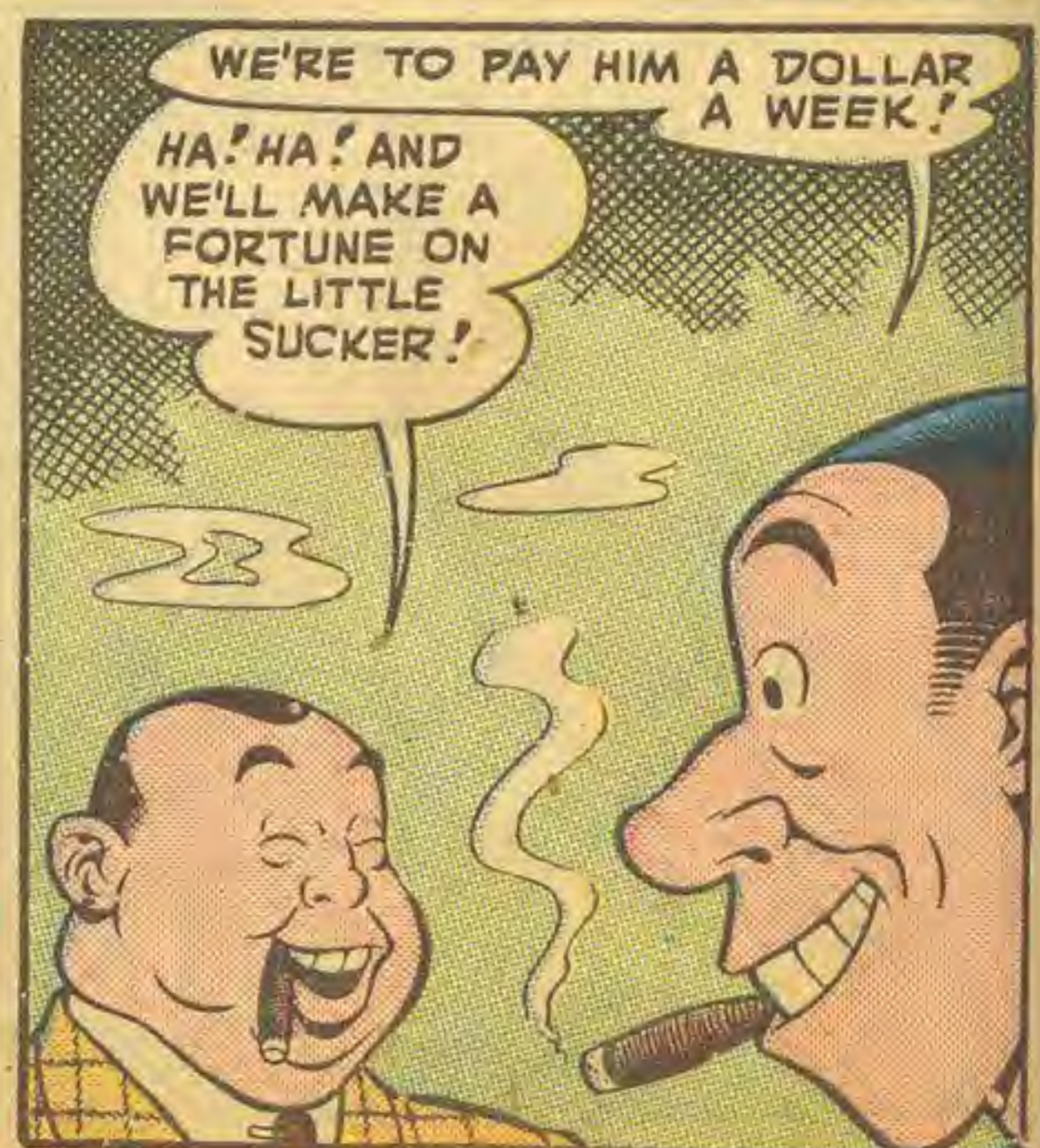
The next night,
at the broadcasting
studio







Over night Dubble Bubble Gum sweeps the country! Sudden nation-wide demand skyrockets bubble gum prices! In his office, Irwin Dubble, the gum magnate, is elated!





Black



Is she alive or **DEAD**?
If alive, why did she rest
in a coffin box?
If dead, why did a frantic
stranger offer a fortune for
her? **BLACK X** faces
mystery and danger to solve
the riddle of
The LADY of the PEARLS!

C'MON, GRAB
HOLD! ONCE
WE GET IT
INSIDE, HE
PAYS ME ...
AND I'LL PAY
YOU WHAT I
PROMISED!

I GOT A HUNCH
THIS IS SUMPIN'
HOT--ILLEGAL!
I DON'T BUDGE
THE BOX A
FOOT UNTIL
YOU GIMME
FIFTY BUCKS
IN **ADVANCE!**

WE GOT
NO TIME
TO LOSE!
DO AS I
TELL YOU,
OR I'LL...

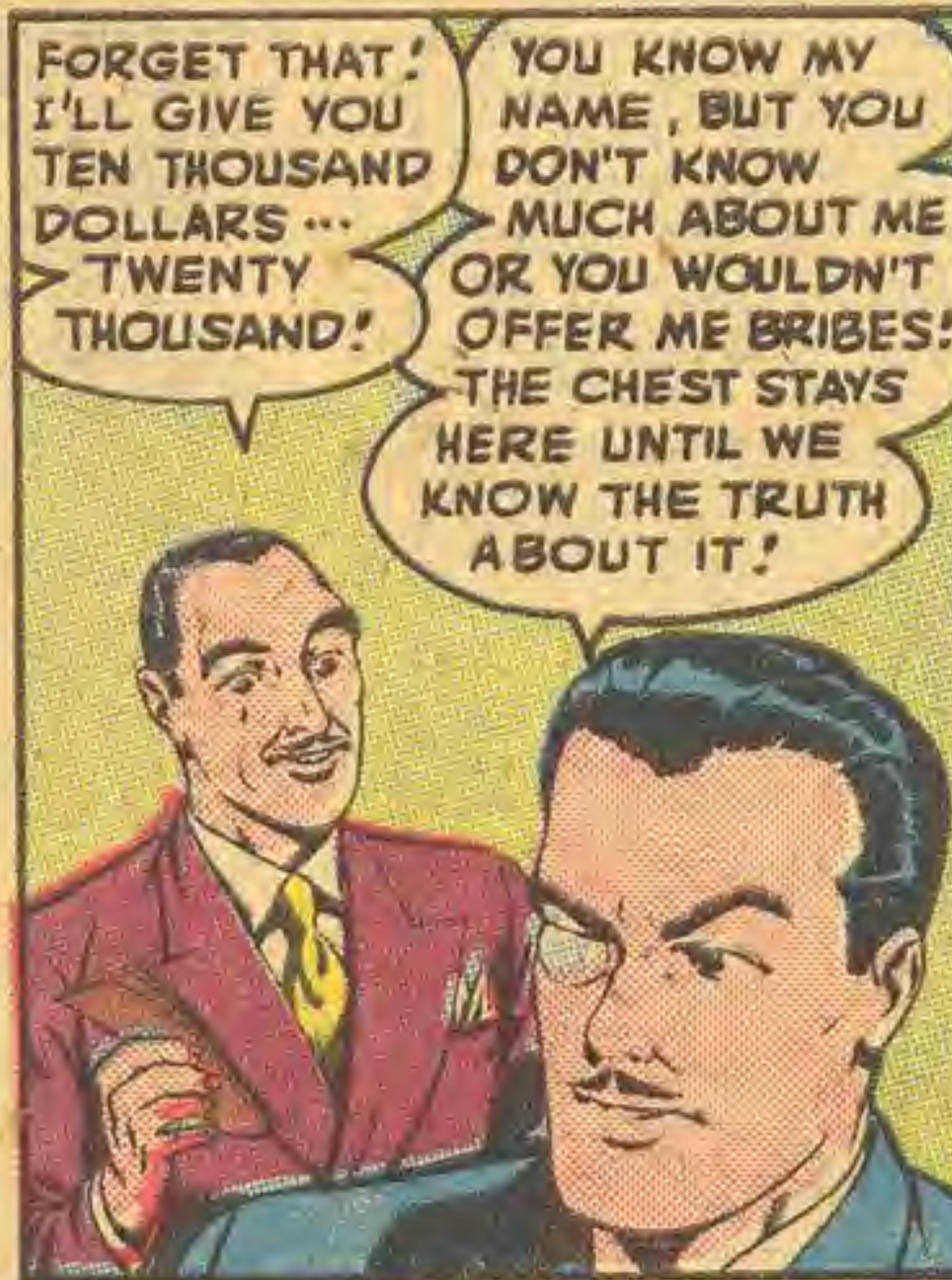
LOOK! IT'S THAT
SNOOPING **BLACK X**
AND HIS STOOGE,
BATU! THEY'RE
COMIN' TO
GRAB US!
RUN!

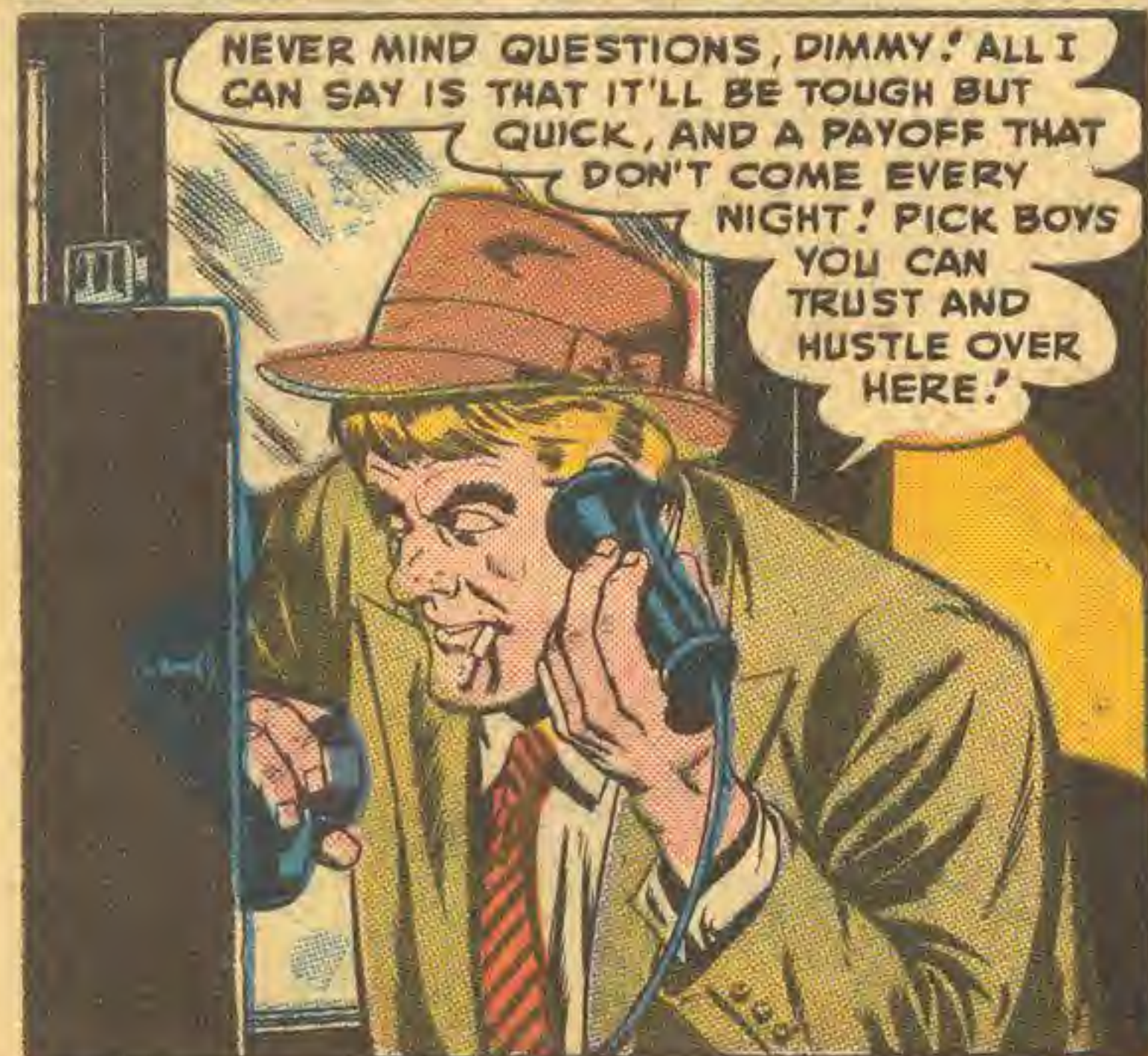
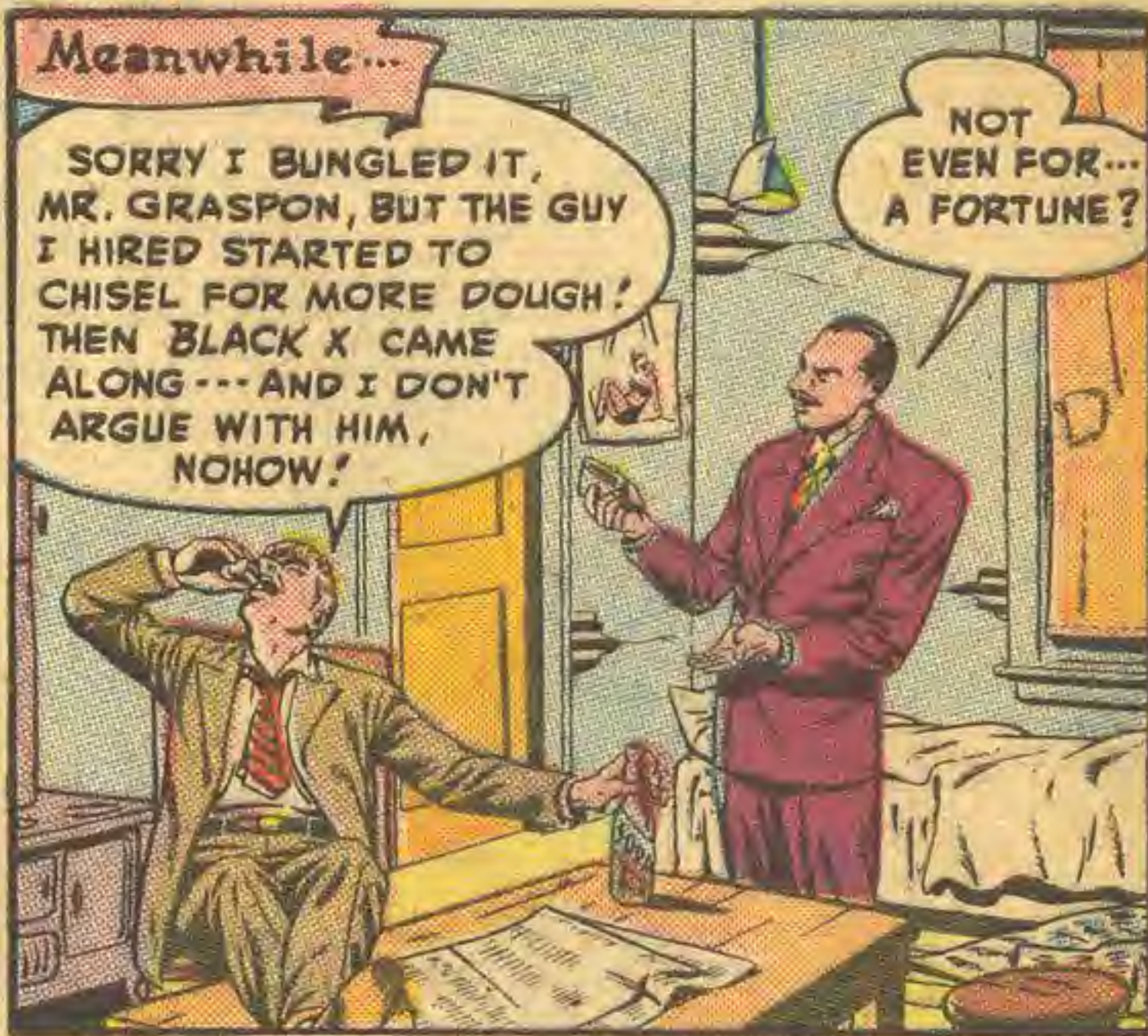
MEN ARE READY
TO STAB EACH
OTHER ... THEN
THEY RUN WHEN
THEY SEE US!
WHAT IS IN THE
BOX, SAHIB?

IT MUST BE
VALUABLE
TO BE WORTH
MURDER!
CALL A TAXI,
BATU! WE'LL
TAKE IT
HOME!



SMASH COMICS







SMASH COMICS



AH, BEEF! WHAT DID YOU LEARN?

IT'S JUST AS YOU SUSPECTED! THE PEARL TREASURE OF COUNT MORADO... NOBLEMAN OF THE KINGDOM OF WYNDRANTZ... VANISHED STRANGELY! ALSO, HIS DAUGHTER DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT!

IT HAPPENED AFTER THE MORADOS MET A BIG-TIME HYPNOTIST NAMED GRASPON!

THERE HE IS, BEEF... RATHER HYPNOTIZED, HIMSELF! DITTO HIS FRIENDS, WHO WEREN'T QUITE ENOUGH TO TAKE US OVER!

AND THIS IS COUNT MORADO'S LOST DAUGHTER! SHE AND THE PEARLS HAVE HAD A STRANGE EXPERIENCE! SHE HAS JUST AWAKENED!

WAKE UP THE GRASPON GUY, TOO! HE'D BETTER GIVE US THE MISSING FACTS!

YES, I HYPNOTIZED HER TO GET THE PEARLS! I BROUGHT HER TO AMERICA BY PLANE AS A DEAD BODY... TO GET THE LOOT PAST THE CUSTOMS! I FIGURED TO WAKEN HER AND HOLD HER FOR RANSOM!

WHERE YOU'RE GOING, NO RANSOM WILL GET YOU OUT!

IT IS STILL ONLY A VAGUE DREAM TO ME! I KNOW NOTHING EXCEPT THAT I BEGIN TO FEEL HUNGRY!

NO WONDER! YOU HAVEN'T EATEN SINCE GRASPON HYPNOTIZED YOU DAYS AGO! BATU, HOW ABOUT SOME SANDWICHES AND COFFEE?

Later... YOUR OFFER OF REWARD IS KIND, BUT THE OPPORTUNITY TO DO JUSTICE AND SERVE SO FAIR A LADY IS MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR ME!

BUT ACCEPT THIS JEWEL, BLACK X... PLEASE... NOT AS A REWARD BUT AS A REMINDER OF ME AND THIS AMAZING ADVENTURE!



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class!**

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with its genuine
ShockEase Fork* . .



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*ALSO AVAILABLE ON GIRL'S MODEL



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← IT'S FREE

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ADDRESS _____

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15 High School Ave., Shelby, Ohio



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GIRLS!
HURRY**

Amazing LIFEBUOY Offer

SEND FOR SENSATIONAL BOOK

**MY
SECRETS
OF**

MAGIC

By BLACKSTONE

**WORLD'S FOREMOST
MAGICIAN**



HOW DID YOU
EVER KNOW
WHICH CARD
I PICKED?

I LIKE THE
MIND READING
TRICK BEST
OF ALL!

BOY, THAT
COIN TRICK
WAS A HONEY!

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USE the soap that famous Champs use—men and women in all sports. Bathe daily with Lifebuoy. Refreshing? Oh boy! In tub or shower, Lifebuoy's creamy lather makes you feel good all over. Lifebuoy is grand for hands, too. Gets off grime and dirt in a flash. Cleanliness and good health, you know, go together. So use Lifebuoy every day.



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STATE _____

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NEW! Jim Prentice, Amazing, Exciting, 1948, **ELECTRIC FOOTBALL**

Made and Guaranteed by THE ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., Holyoke, Mass.



GET SET for Breathtaking ACTION

This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win—to outsmart, outplay your man. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys secretly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination... go tearing through for a long run.

Originally this game spid for \$5. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price, \$2.50 complete. It is an amazing value for the money.



Hi BOYS!

ELECTRIC FOOTBALL, besides being one humdinger of a game to play, is a most attractive article. The frame is ponderosa pine, lacquered bright yellow. The game's handsome top is coated with a special non-discoloring film that always keeps clean and shiny.

The electric switch keys are nickel-plated. Each key, when pressed, closes three circuits. No. 22 tinned copper wire is used with brass socket shells, fibre insulated. Each of the 19 connections is securely soldered by experts. The lamps (1.25 volts flashlight bulbs) are beautifully colored.

Games are 14 x 16 inches, come complete with lamps, battery, full directions. You can start playing the moment you open the box.

All Electric Games Are Same Size, Equally As Enjoyable.

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